Vogue

Autumn Fashion Forecast

...and 3½ hours of reading:
18 Articles by

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Ilka Chase
Rex Stout
Leo Lania
James Hilton
Carson McCullers
William Saroyan
John Mason Brown
Frank Crowninshield
Josephine Herbst
and others

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see section facing page 82

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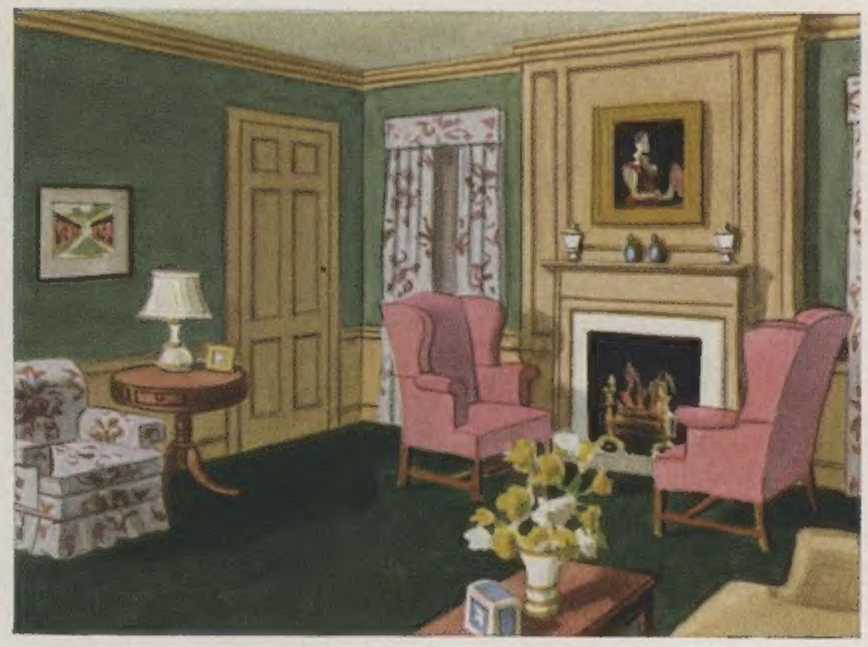
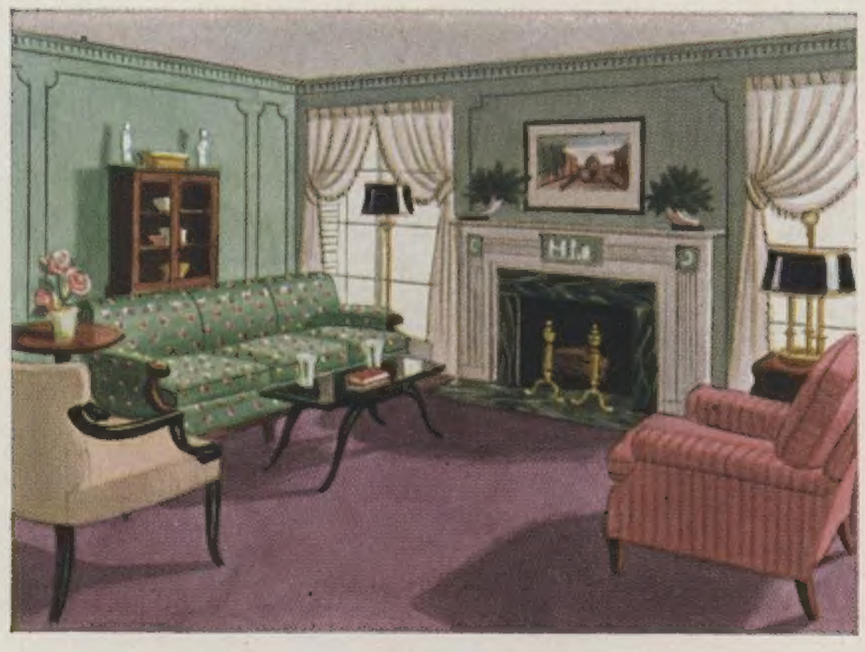
House & Garden's Complete Guide to

Interior Decoration





A practical and authoritative handbook for the furnishing and decorating of rooms of all sizes, types and periods

Edited by RICHARDSON WRIGHT

Editor-in-Chief of House & G

Coming this Fall!

House & Garden's Complete Guide to Interior Decoration will be ready for delivery about September 1. Pre-publication price is $4.50.

For details, see inside back cover

304 pa photographs and 850 drawings

includin the work of 75 leading American interior decorators.

Young Mrs. C. can't even count trump!

Poor girl, she has "fingertip·fidgets"!

Just a friendly game among girls, but pretty Mrs. C. is so flustered she can't tell a heart from a spade. It's as mean a case of "Fingertip-Fidgets" as ever ruined a girl's afternoon. Hands are so CONSPICUOUS at a bridge table, and all Mrs. C. can think of is hiding her peeling, chipped nail polish. Awkward situation, to say the least. And the other three women have such flawless fingertips, it makes Mrs. C. feel all the worse. Come, come, Mrs. C., how about changing your luck? Just ask the girls what *they* do to banish "Fingertip-Fidgets." You'll find they wouldn't dream of using anything but Revlon Nail Enamel because: ***Revlon wears like mad . . . stays manicure-fresh on your nails until the moons grow out. This is only one of the many reasons why long-wearing, high-fashion Revlon is used by more professional manicurists all over the world than any other nail enamel.***

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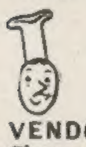

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Vogue's ADDRESS *of shops*

If you don't find what you are looking for in these columns, write to Vogue's Address Book, at 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and we will try to find it for you.

BATHS. Ansonia Baths, at Seventy-Third Street and Broadway, specialize in all kinds of baths, from bubble to Turkish. If you're a Turkish-bath addict, you'll love this spotlessly clean place with a wonderful "hot room" lined with deck-chairs, where you relax all wrapped up tight as a papoose in towels. When you've been in this room long enough (an attendant will time you), you are taken into the "warm room," where you are rewrapped in the biggest towels imaginable, covered with a blanket, and left to sip water, a hot or cold lemonade. After this, there is a brisk rubdown, a Scotch-hose shower, and, to top it all off, an alcohol rub.

In addition to all this, you can get a manicure, have your hair done, or take a swim in the pool—all for remarkably little money. The place is open from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M., which makes it pretty convenient for any schedule. The number is SU-7-3300.

TO WALK ON AIR. For the battle of summer's scorching sidewalks versus your own aching feet, we heartily recommend a visit to Edna Hanon, who gives what she calls a "scientific foot massage." Miss Hanon lays you out on a hard, tilted table and begins by working on your neck, your arms and hands. There is no actual kneading. The Hanon hands are incredibly sure, go hopping from spot to spot discovering every pain and ache, soothing with a feathery touch. (She calls this digital massage.) By the time these wonder hands have reached your feet, you'll be feeling like a new woman, and, when she's through with you, you'll probably be walking on air. These treatments take only about thirty-five minutes; the price is $2; the address is 11 West Forty-Second Street. You'd better make an appointment ahead of time as Miss Hanon has no assistants—her number is CH-4-0481.

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In case your time is all taken up with knitting for the Army, and there's an unfinished bit of needlework hanging about your sewing-table—here's your chance to get it done.

VITAMINS GALORE. For these days of concentration on vitamins and calories, there's a shop up at Seventy-First Street and Lexington Avenue that's chock-full of low-caloried, high-vitamin foods. Called the Vita-Foods Company, the place has an only-room-for-two bar, where you get fruit-juice squeezed while you wait, and vegetable-juice combinations pressed out before your very eyes. Such a concoction as a beet, carrot, and watercress juice cocktail is surprisingly good and enormously filling.

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GOURMET'S GUIDE

selected restaurants in and out of town

LA CHAUMIÈRE, at 163 East Fifty-Sixth Street, has tucked away in the back, an unobtrusive little garden with an unbelievably French-country air. Everything is à la carte at La Chaumière, and the food is excellent.

The tiny CAFÉ DU PARC, up at 17 East Sixtieth Street, has opened a pink-and-green summer garden that's just about as big as the restaurant itself. You can stop in for a drink, for luncheon or dinner. Luncheon is $1; dinner, $2.

The CHATHAM WALK, Forty-Eighth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, is another of the outdoor stand-bys. Somehow the whole place, with its bold blue and crisp white awnings, has something of a country-club air. It's particularly pleasant for lunch or tea, and not expensive.

There's a façade of a make-believe old Southern mansion and a great many would-be family retainers scurrying about the garden of THERESE WORTHINGTON GRANT, 284 Park Avenue. The food is good, and reasonable—the luncheon, for instance, is only eighty-five cents.

Any list of summer gardens is certain to include THE MARGUÉRY, at 270 Park Avenue. It's almost always cool under the square canopy. The food here is delicious; the menu is à la carte, but there is a special $1.75 luncheon; a $2.75 dinner.

The garden at the CANARI D'OR, 132 East Sixty-First Street, is done in cool shades of green and blue and is so French one expects to look right out onto a *jardin potager*. The food is excellent here, as you probably know, and very reasonable. Luncheon is $1; dinner, $2. P. S. If you don't have to watch your calories, have for dessert a *pot de crème au chocolate* for us—they're wonderful here.

One of the smartest places to lunch during the summer is in the Garden of the RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL. There's a J..... garden effect (the Ritz doesn't talk about that, calls it Oriental) with a wildly babbling brook running right down the centre, and there always seems to be a cool breeze blowing.

Everything is à la carte here, and the food, service, and prices are all super. As for the Jamaica rum cocktails—we think they're perfect.

MAUD CHEZ ELLE, at 151 East Forty-Ninth Street, has a back garden lined with bamboo and straw matting, a definitely French Colonial air. This place is famous for its cuisine—the *ragoûts* here are particularly good. The menu is all à la carte.

CHARLES À LA POMME SOUFFLÉE, at 157 East Fifty-Fifth Street, has a garden done in green and white, with window-boxes filled with geraniums. It's a cool-looking, pleasant place to dine on a warm evening. The table d'hôte dinner is $2, and luncheon is $1.

The garden of SEMON'S, 216 East Fifty-Eighth Street, is lined with shrubs and green plants, with hedges separating many of the tables. This place specializes in South American dishes, is very reasonable—dinner is only about $1.25.

TESSIE'S OLD VIENNA, 133 East Fifty-Fourth Street, has a gay Tyrolian kind of garden. You sit under a blue tent, at tables covered with bright, peasanty cloths. Dinner is about $1.50.

THE LITTLE OLD MANSION, 61 East Fifty-Second Street, has a miniature, Old-Worldish garden, serves good Southern food. Luncheon here is about sixty-five cents; dinner, $1.15. (A word to the wise—there's not a cocktail in the house.)

....And in the June 15 Vogue, Gourmet spoke of three other restaurant-gardens: CHEZ-JEAN, at 11 East Sixtieth Street; HONORÉ MARTIN, 141 East Fifty-Second Street; and ZOË CHASE, at 115 East Sixtieth Street.

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Vogue
July 15th, 1941

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Vol. 98, No. 2
Whole No. 1656

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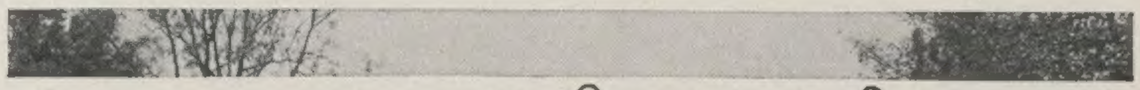

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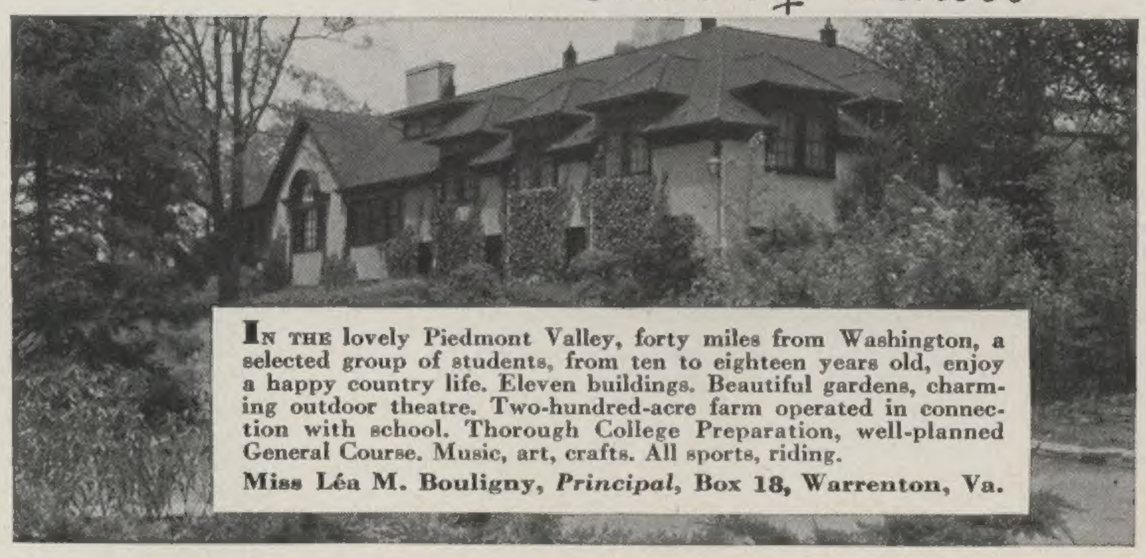

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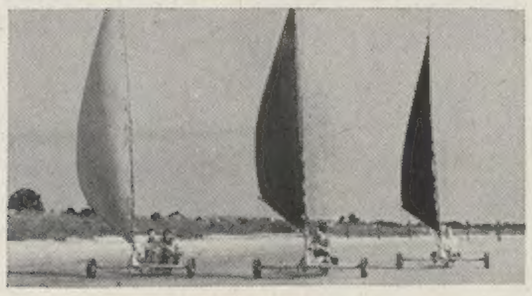

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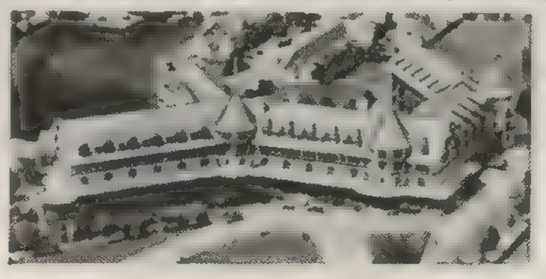

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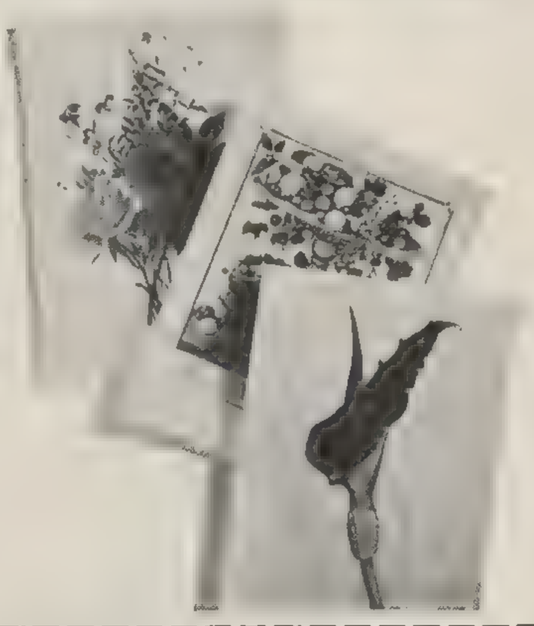

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Autumn Fashion Forecast
+3½ Hours of Reading

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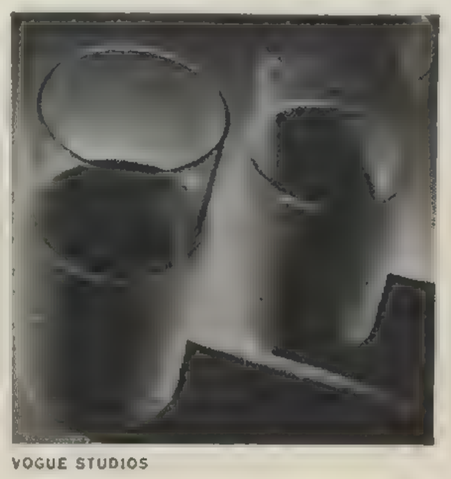
High-ball Boots: Here's a new glass-holder made of raffia, and lined with cork for insulation. You can get them in yellow, turquoise, sand, rust, light blue, or white, and very pretty they are, too. They cost $3.50 a dozen, and make your high-ball glasses look very gay, aside from protecting the table against rings. The glasses shown in them are non-chipping ones, made by Libby. Glasses and boots together come to just $5 the dozen. You may buy them at the gift shop of Evelyn Reed. 524 Madison Avenue is the address of the shop.



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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF VOGUE'S SUMMER READER

THAT tasseled ribbon at the right is a bookmark. It indicates that this, the July 15 issue of Vogue, is our Summer Reader. For this issue—in addition to our usual quota of summer news about fashions, and people, and places—contains a larger-than-usual quota of articles that will, we hope, refresh, amuse, and stimulate you. And a Fashion Cross-word Puzzle.

Altogether, our Summer Reader, or Vacationer's Vade Mecum, will while away about three and a half hours of a summer's day. But you may not want to wolf it all at once. You may want to put a bookmark in some of the pages—to turn to later.

For example...If you're boarding a train, sometime soon, put a marker in John Mason Brown's delightful article on page 46, to read on the train. (You might save the crossword puzzle on page 69 for then, too)...Put a bookmark in that article of Paul Gallico, on page 52, and consult it next time you adjust your expression to face the world. (Mr. Gallico thinks our expressions can stand some adjusting)...Put a marker in Carson McCullers' statement of faith for 1941 youth, on page 42, to show to a friend going into the Army. You may even want to cut it out and save it for re-reading in future years...Mark Frank Crowninshield's crackling commentary on Hostesses, on page 29, and look it up next time *you're* having guests...And save those enchanting fables by William Saroyan, on page 41, to read sometime when you're just sitting, dreamily, under a tree.

Put a marker, too, in the fashion forecast pages of this issue. When you set off to buy autumn clothes, keep in mind the new awareness of waists and of hips that this issue predicts. Mark it well.

Eric

In the Near Future

The shape of things to come in the realm of fashion

CERTAIN things look very certain for autumn—in the realm of clothes. One influence comes from Spain...from a collection of clothes made by Spanish dressmakers and shown recently in New York. Almost the only Continental designers still free to express themselves are the Spanish *modistas*. And this collection...from such talents as Balenciaga, Pedro Rodriguez, Ferrer Artigas...is filled with imagination and initiative. You see several of the importations on these and the next two pages. Certain, too, to leave their mark on your autumn silhouette are English Captain Molyneux's collections for America—clothes of the type long beloved by America. From these sources, and from American designers, three silhouettes emerge (or continue) for autumn. Three from which you will make your choice.

Aware of hips
Draped pouches on cocoa crêpe

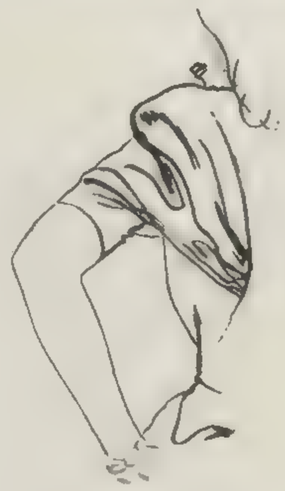
Aware of Waists, Aware of Hips

You'll be proud of a tiny waist, again, this autumn; and not ashamed of curving (*gently* curving) hips. For throughout the American collections, this accented line appears; and it was almost the whole story in the Spanish collection. Many of the Spanish models accented hips with shirrings, drapery, peplums, bands, and puffed pockets, and many a model has a "surprise back." Face on, it is comparatively simple. But turn the back, and there's an unmistakable bustle, a voluminous apron, a great cascade of fullness or pleats.

Aware of waists
Shirred peplum on black wool

The Tapering Silhouette

You saw it in the June 1 and July 1 issues of Vogue, and you will continue to see it in furs, in suits, in dresses. The loose, unrestrained top narrowing down to a strictly tight or unobtrusively easy skirt. Sometimes there are kimono sleeves or bell sleeves shirred into a wristband. This is the look that seems made for the ideal American figure with its characteristically broad shoulders, slim hips. It is not for every one, but then it is not the only silhouette. Equally important is the "aware of the hips" silhouette described above, and the "unaffected" one described below.



Aware of shoulders
Drapery to soften shoulders

The Unaffected Silhouette

Throughout all the collections, there are wearable clothes that are easy, comfortable devoid of quirks or affectation. Unrestrained, figure-following, but not figure-accenting silhouettes that we call "unaffected." Shoulders are strong, but rounded...the roundness accomplished by seaming, tucking, ingeniously-cut yokes. Armholes are easy. Waist-lines defined, but not insistent. Skirts are moderately slender, but not too tight for ease. This is the silhouette that fits so compatibly with our times, and our lives...and fits congenially, too, under the kind of fur coats that are a certainty for winter—the 38- or 39-inch long fur coat.

Opposite
Balenciaga's glorifier of waist and hip.
Stiff black faille; shiny jet tassels.
Importation at Nancy, Inc.

In the Near Future (continued)

Much of the effect of the "unaffected silhouette" depends upon details. Peplums flare on dresses and suits. Pockets often make a dress. Neck-lines leap from the neat, high collar to the deep V...or to the even newer deep oval with a rippling collar. Tassels impersonate buttons. Jet winks on revers and pockets. Braiding and embroidery define the seam of a shoulder- or hip-yoke. Hand-knitting or crocheting operates as a hip-yoke, the sleeves or façade of a dress. Yarn loops curl from jacket revers, crochet loops outline the neck or hem of a dress.

Tea-Dancing Velvet or Velveteen

It is almost certain that you'll want for autumn the counterpart of that sophisticated café-black dress you loved this summer. Something in street-length that can dine and dance and look alluring for beaux on leave. The autumn answer is a velvet or velveteen suit. A simple one that has a gala demeanour. It might be black velvet with a pale blue ruffled blouse. Or with an emerald-green taffeta lining. Or a warm red, sapphire, or honey-coloured velveteen.

Continued Story—Colour

The new Collection shows the Spanish designers loyal to black. The American designers believe in colour...or combinations of brilliant and dark shades. An unbeatable formula is black with yellow, with purple, with brown, with royal-blue, with green, with beige or grey...a black top over a colourful skirt...a black jacket over a bright skirt. There's increasing fever for yellow. (Perhaps you'll have a greatcoat in brilliant yellow.) And there's not the faintest inkling of any cessation of beige, beige, beige.

The Hooded Hat

What promises to be unmistakably *the* hat for autumn is a new cross between a hood and a hat. This new hybrid covers up most of your hair, often hides your ears, sometimes tumbles down to your shoulders. It's apt to be in the same colour as your costume, descending in back or winding about your throat and looking like a continuation of your costume. Or it may be an ample Spanish beret that falls down to the nape of your neck. Or it may be a high, crowned cloche, worn well over the ears.

BALENCIAGA, famed Spanish designer, made these four models in his house at Barcelona. They're part of a collection recently brought to New York by Nancy, Inc. Replicas at I. Magnin, Calif.
• First: a black wool dress with Balenciaga's beloved basque, tiny waist, surprise back...an unmistakable bustle, extravagant fullness. Second: Illusion of hips on a beige wool riding-jacket, black skirt. Third: Festooned hip drapery, a back cascade on a black wool dress. Fourth: Cocoa-brown wool suit—crisscross bands to focus eyes on hips

Eric

A steamer rug—a bright, befringed steamer rug of blue-and-purple Gordon plaid—is converted here into a hug-me-tight cape providing plenty of elbow-room. You'd wear it almost anywhere—in town, in the country, over a dinner-dress. Original design from Marshall Field

CONTINUED STORY

HORST

...CAPES, CAPES

Madame Valentina...whose ability at designing clothes is only exceeded by her talent for wearing them...puts a trio of capelets on this black wool coat. Then, dramatically, she drapes the cape over one shoulder, and adds a felt and jersey hat with the "cover up" look

Still in London

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, president of the new incorporated Society of London Designers, wearing Molyneux's black jacket, button-trimmed like a costermonger's; Aage Thaarup's ostrich hat

Mrs. Harrison, whose husband starred in the films, "Major Barbara" and "Night Train," wears Rahvis' black wool dress, braid-and-velvet trimmed jacket...the Rahvis collection is coming to New York

Beatrice Lillie is touring all over England to entertain Army, Navy, and Air Troops with her wit and mimicry. She poses here in a new Paquin costume—a shepherdess hat and dress of black silk Witchcraft lace

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes

LEE MILLER

Mrs. Rex Harrison

CECIL BEATON, LONDON

Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie)

Mrs. Laurence Olivier (Vivien Leigh)

Lady Stanley of Alderley

Vivien Leigh

Lady Stanley, though her house was burned out in a raid, carries on as Staff Editor of British Vogue. From Molyneux's export collection—her black rayon dinner-dress with cyclamen-sequin yoke

Vivien Leigh and her husband, Laurence Olivier, have returned to England—he to join the Fleet Air Arm, she to help at canteens, entertain troops. Here, she wears Molyneux's black crêpe afternoon dress

Vivien Leigh in Molyneux's flame wool dress, tweed coat. At her cottage in Chelsea (the last blitz blew the roof off), she gardens, cooks, reads plays, hopes to do a Shakespeare play if the Old Vic reopens

Senhora Alzira Vargas do Amaral Peixoto

South American Visitors

Five beautiful neighbours from Brazil, Peru, and the Argentine . . . recent visitors to the U. S.

Her father is the President of Brazil; her husband, the Governor of the State of Rio de Janeiro; and Senhora Vargas do Amaral Peixoto herself studied law at the University of Rio. She and her husband visited the United States on their wedding trip and again this spring, when she officiated at the launching of the Moore-McCormack ship, "Rio de Janeiro"

Visiting America for the first time are the two attractive daughters of Señor Otto Eduardo Bemberg and his wife, Señora Sofia Bengolea de Bemberg. 21-year-old Josefina made her début in Paris and Buenos Aires; her sister, Maria-Luisa, is 19 years old. Both were educated in France and England; and, when in South America, spend their time between their house in Buenos Aires and their estancia

Señoritas Josefina and Maria-Luisa Bemberg Bengolea

HORST

Señora Barreda de Chopitea and her daughter

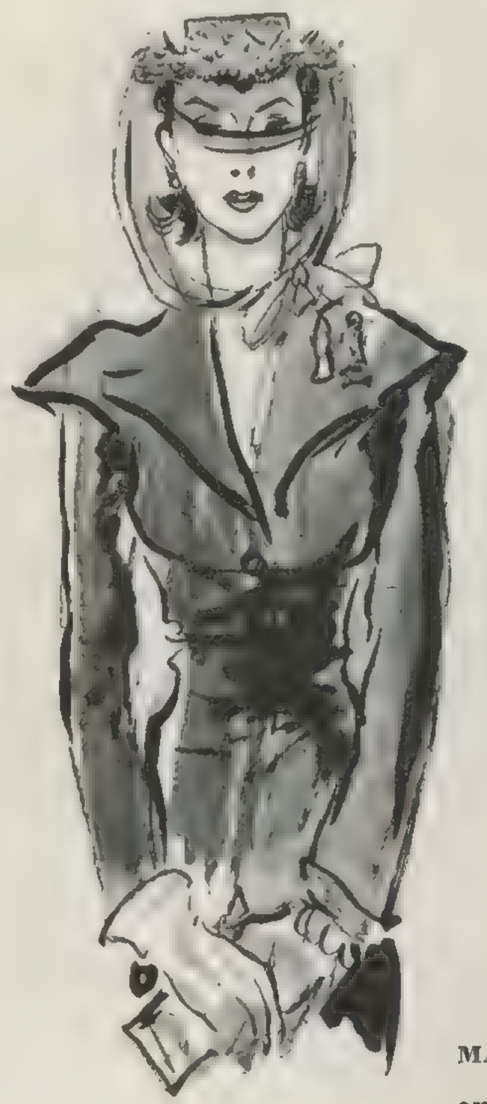
Two beauties from Peru who recently visited here. Tall, soignée Señora Alicia Barreda de Chopitea is the daughter of the former Peruvian Minister to Argentina. She and her husband, though Peruvians, live most of the time in Buenos Aires

...Personal

MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES—one of the first in New York to wear her hair in the new short cut. (The longest hair isn't over three inches.) Divinely cool, and easy to arrange even if your hair isn't—like Mrs. Forbes'—naturally curly. See also page 56

MRS. VINCENT ASTOR helped organize the successful cocktail party at the St. Regis for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors Club. At the party, Mrs. Astor wore this black-and-white print dress with a draped neck-line, sloping shoulders. Her hat—a wreath of dark red flowers, tied on by a black velvet bow in back

MRS. WILLIAM WOODWARD, at the Turf and Field Club during the Belmont racing season, wore this white brocade hat embroidered with gold thread, with a sloping crown, brown grosgrain ribbon, brown veil. Her suit—black faille



MADAME AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO-MAIOR, the enchanting Brazilian beauty, at the Soldiers and Sailors Club benefit—in a black faille suit with cape-like shoulders; a white straw sailor crowned with lilies-of-the-valley, a blue veil

Appearances

MADAME LOUIS JACQUES BALSAN, lunching with Colonel Balsan at the Café Louis XIV., wears a bright-blue-and-white dress, a huge bright-blue straw hat with lilies-of-the-valley, and three strands of her famous pearls

HORST

MRS. ARTURO LOPEZ WILLSHAW, Chilean, diminutive, and very smart, is famed for her coiffures (she does her own dark hair). Above—pearls braided into a switch and twisted around her head, for evening

MRS. GEORGE CRAWFORD, lunching at the Café Louis XIV. in Radio City, in a dramatic black rough straw picture hat with a square crown, a brim that swoops down sharply in back. Her dress—simple black crêpe; her gloves—long and black

MRS. CUSHING ROOSEVELT, former wife of the President's eldest son, at the St. Regis cocktail party. Her dress was of navy-blue crêpe, with white ruching at the neck and wrists; her hat, a white rough straw skull-cap, with a navy-blue bow, blue veil

SEEN ON A YOUNG THING AT LARUE: this evening coiffure—hair tied on top of the head with a black velvet bow; curls falling in loose ringlets. Enchanting idea for the very young, and perfect for a honey-blond

Bracers

BRACERS, these...for your summer wardrobe and your summer spirits...costumes that can, with a flick of their accessories, be equally at home in the city or out of it: in Manhattan or Manhasset. Matter of fact, they all come from the new Lord and Taylor shop at Manhasset. Designed by Raymond Loewy, in "Country Modern," the new store is built on two levels, and surrounded by terraces, gardens, shaded paths

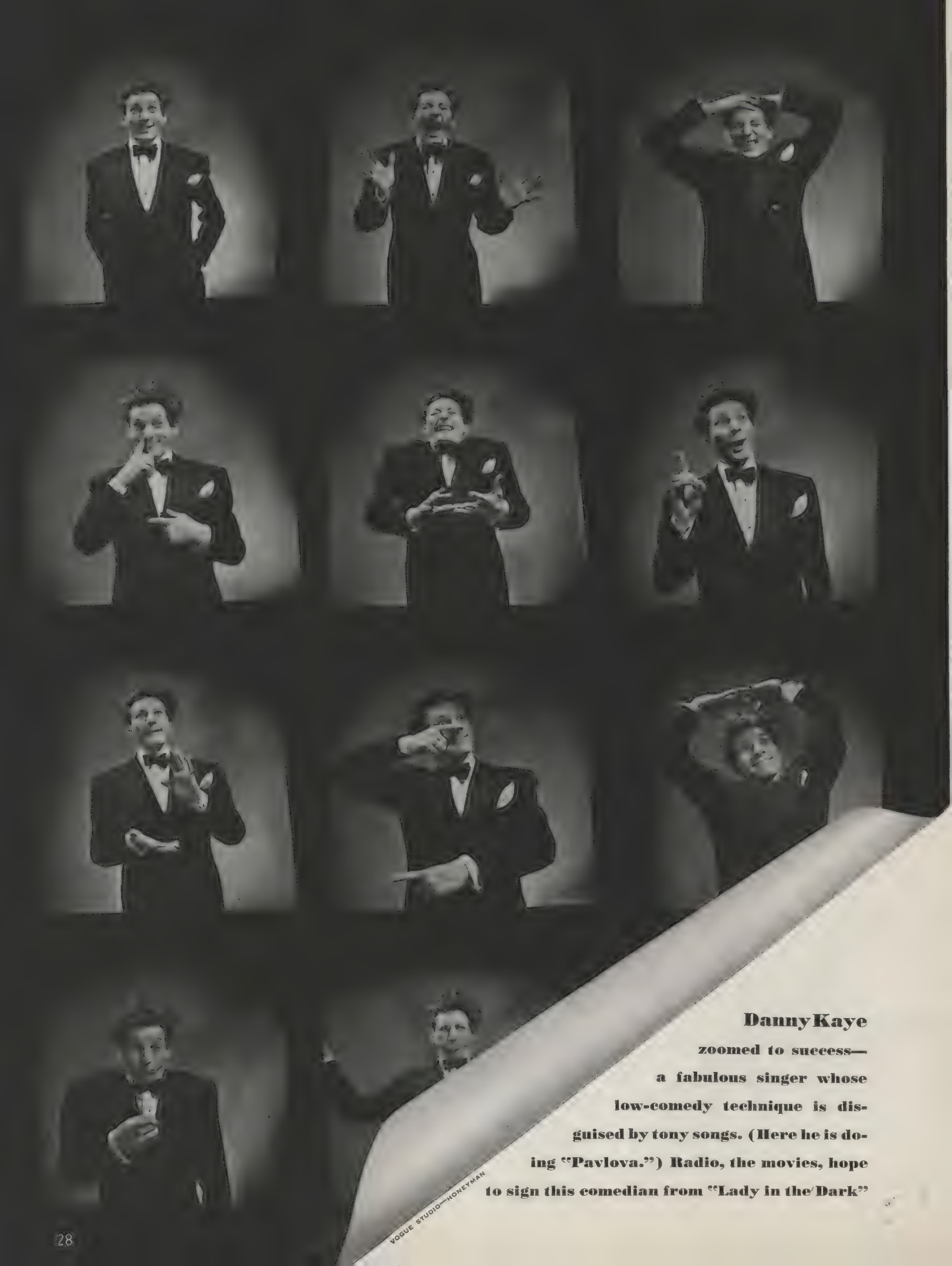
Photographed in the Valentine-decorated Intimate Apparel Shop, left, above—two costumes that make amiable urban-suburban transitions. First: Navy-blue linen suit; $39.95. Stylepark hat; $10.50. Second: Grey-and-white checked spun rayon suit; $59.95. White straw hat; $10.50

In the red-rose-papered Shoe Shop, left, below—two more Manhasset-or-Manhattan costumes. First: Striped dress and hat shown opposite, described below. Second: Green-and-white polka-dots on a sheer Celanese rayon crêpe dirndl; $22.95. The white homespun straw hat; $10.50

Opposite. A lamb of a dress—your beloved shirt-waist, in red-and-white striped Enka rayon crêpe; $39.95. White woven ribbon-and-straw pill-box; $5. The *other* lamb is "Cherry," mascot of the new Lord and Taylor store on whose landscaped terrace this photograph was taken

KARGER

DRESS AND MASCOT AT MANHASSET



Danny Kaye

zoomed to success— a fabulous singer whose low-comedy technique is disguised by tony songs. (Here he is doing "Pavlova.") Radio, the movies, hope to sign this comedian from "Lady in the Dark"

VOGUE STUDIO—HONEYMAN

Some Terrible Hostesses

And a warning word concerning the terrors and pitfalls of certain of their New York parties

By Frank Crowninshield

HOSTESSES resemble mushrooms, not so much because they spring up—suddenly and from nowhere—but because they divide themselves into two wholly antithetical categories: the benign, or succulent, and the noxious, or deadly.

There is a perfectly safe way of detecting a hostess of the toadstool variety. Ask yourself the following questions concerning her: Does she try to manage her guests rather than her parties? Does she lack a sense of intuition about people? Are her mental processes too unalterably fixed? Does she think that food and drink are the only desiderata at a dinner? And, finally (and most important of all) is she incapable of enjoying herself at her own parties? If she is guilty of any three of these crimes, you may safely classify her as untouchable.

But now, dear students, let us pass down the corridor and view the dubious ladies in their cages. Here, for instance—restlessly pacing up and down in her cage—you will observe:

1. MRS. HILARY HATFIELD, who is the soul of hospitality, and lives in a quaint old house in Turtle Bay. She makes a practice of asking everybody to dinner, but never has enough to eat. The knowledge that there is a chicken in her house is a sufficient reason for inviting a dozen guests to dinner, half of whom will, in great anxiety and perturbation, fix their eyes on the chicken as it disappears on its journey around the table.

Whenever fish is served at her dinners, Mr. Hatfield infallibly gets the piece with the eye in it.

His wife believes that a little diced fruit, two watery vegetables, a salad, with a thin mayonnaise, a prune whip, and a pink peppermint, constitute a meal. It is only people who are on a diet that ever darken Mrs. Hatfield's door. You will note, too, that after a dinner at her house, the guests have a way of appearing, *en masse*, at the nearest hamburger haven.

If Mrs. Hatfield lived anywhere near Camp Upton, and could lay her hands on a saddle of lamb, she would invite the Army in to dinner.

2. MRS. GALLATIN SMALL likes entertainers. An ordinary dinner, with good food, conversation, coffee, and bridge, is something beyond her power of imagining. Without any ability to entertain herself, she tries desperately to entertain others. With no taste for music, she exposes her guests to the most dubious and inexhaustible pianists. If her friends ever seem to be enjoying themselves, the Russian accordion player will be told to begin his Ukranian folk melodies. If anybody sits down at a bridge table, Mrs. Small will order the Neapolitans to whip out their tambourines. Hating dancing herself, she will clear away the rugs for any ghastly disciple of Martha Graham or Mary Wigman.

She has another trait of the bad hostess: the urge to apologize for every detail of her party—the lapses of the mind-reader, the odour of paint, the absence of champagne, the heat of the room, and the very *peculiar* people whom her husband has invited to the party.

Her passion for prestidigitators is difficult to fathom, since only the guests in the first row ever see their feats of magic. Mrs. Small herself pays no heed to them whatever; never listens to their patter, or draws a card when implored to do so. Once, at a party of hers, a Hindu magician announced that he was going to make *someone* in the room disappear—completely. All eyes turned hopefully toward Mrs. Small.

3. MRS. BRADFORD PRINDIVILLE lives in Sutton Place, and likes lead pencils. As soon as the coffee-cups and liqueur glasses have been swept away, you will find yourself in an antique chair, with a pad and pencil in your hand. And there, for two hours, you will play intellectual games considerably beyond your mental capacity. You will make abortive lists of fictional characters; play historical charades; misname the capitals of states; and fail in acting out the rôle of a character in history of whom you have never even heard. A little later on, you will be asked to remember ten objects shown to you briefly on a soup-plate; to play anagrams, and reveal your pitiable lack of *flair* for spelling.

Mrs. Prindiville only exposes her guests to these tortures because she is—with the exception of Alexander Woollcott, her rotund master—a greater adept at pencil games than anybody she happens to know.

4. RUBY WILBERFORCE HART loves celebrities. But her passion for them is not reciprocated You will, as a consequence, only meet at her studio apartment in the Hôtel des Artistes, lions of a (Continued on page 77)

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You have seen these faces. They have looked out at you from newspapers and billboards. Under the spot-lights, they have flashed back at you like spinners in the sun—bright bait for people-loving Americans. Some were head-liners long ago, some are still news to-day.

Richard Myers, a famous New York party-figure, has based an hour-long game on pictures like these, a game that any of you can make for yourself. Pasted on twenty big cardboards are pictures of athletes, paintings, politicians—anything. He cut them out of magazines, ranging from Vogue and Vanity Fair to the National Geographic. And now he tries them out on his friends. (John Mason Brown, dramatic critic, Stephen Vincent Benét, poet, and Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War, have about the best record.)

Mr. Myers says you don't even have to find old pictures—it's surprising what one's friends forget in a year. Try to identify these pictures. (Answers are on page 80)

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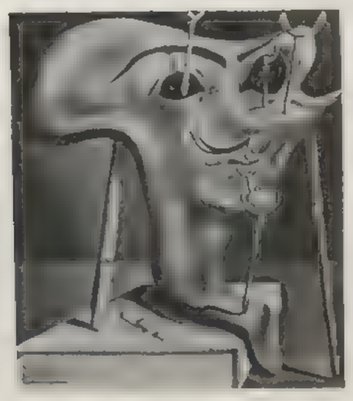
To identify these pictures, turn to page 80

Dali's dream of Jewels

Salvador Dali, the great Surrealist—designs jewels



SALVADOR DALI, in his exhibit this May, showed not only jewel-like paintings, but also painted jewels. In a framed case was a collection of six magnificent pieces, designed in collaboration with the Duc di Verdura. When Vogue planned to photograph these jewels, Dali painted, expressly for this photograph, the background against which four of them are shown here. (Dali, himself, supervised the photographing, called his background, "a rough, sordid scene.")

When Dali has an exhibition, it is bound to be sensational. Dali personally sees to that. The leading Surrealist painter of both hemispheres has an unfailing formula for publicity, which would be childishly easy to imitate were it not limited to people who are first-class painters. Dali's formula seems to be this: to attract public attention, no matter by what means, and then to show the public something really worth seeing.

Dali's career is studded with a series of incredible happenings, which are all part of the formula: bath-tubs thrown through plate-glass windows; polar bears with their fur tinted purple by the best hair-dressers; cows in gilded beds. All these are powerful attention-getters. Once the attention is captured, the public is rewarded by the exquisite technique of miniature painting; sombre and virile colour schemes; the frozen music of architectural composition; genuine drama masquerading as a circus.

It was only logical that, in his new show, Dali should turn his attention to jewels. Work wrought out of real gold and precious stones can even less be refuted by the timid public than work done on gilt-framed canvases in oil. Most of his jewel masterpieces, like three of those shown here, are really tiny paintings on gold or ivory, seen in transparency through a clear, semiprecious stone. At the extreme left, set in a heavy gold box, is the wild face of a Fallen Angel. Above is a pin, a sly Medusa in a nest of golden snakes, peering through the facets of a morganite stone. A pendant at the right is a painting of Apollo, in a gold frame, under a pink tourmaline. At the bottom is a plastic statuette of Saint Sebastian pierced with golden arrows and resplendent with a golden halo. The little figurine, almost in pious mediæval tradition, is made of gold and painted by Dali over the gold in enamel.

From Dali's note-books, among a strange mixture of sketches and Spanish and French sentences, we culled several aphorisms on jewels. They are by no means a well-rounded philosophy of the jeweller's art—that would be too simple for Dali. But out of these disjointed sayings emanates the same spirit which marks Dali's paintings: the inquisitive and disabused Mind of a perfectionist, playing strange and obscure games with Matter.

DALI'S APHORISMS. 1. Fulco and I have tried to discover whether it was the Jewel that was born for Painting or Painting for the Jewel; we are sure, however, that they were born for each other; it's a love marriage.

2. The difference between the Real Jewel and the False Jewel is that it is always the False Jewel that looks the most real—that is, the most sparkling. Therefore, it is a very tempting idea to make the Real Jewel sophisticated to such a point that it could pass for a false one.

3. Just as there are movies in black-and-white and also in Technicolor, there are jewels in black-and-white and in colour. The black and white jewel is always perfect from the point of view of colour; but the coloured jewel is not always perfect from the point of view of black and white—there is always some white missing; that is, not enough diamonds.

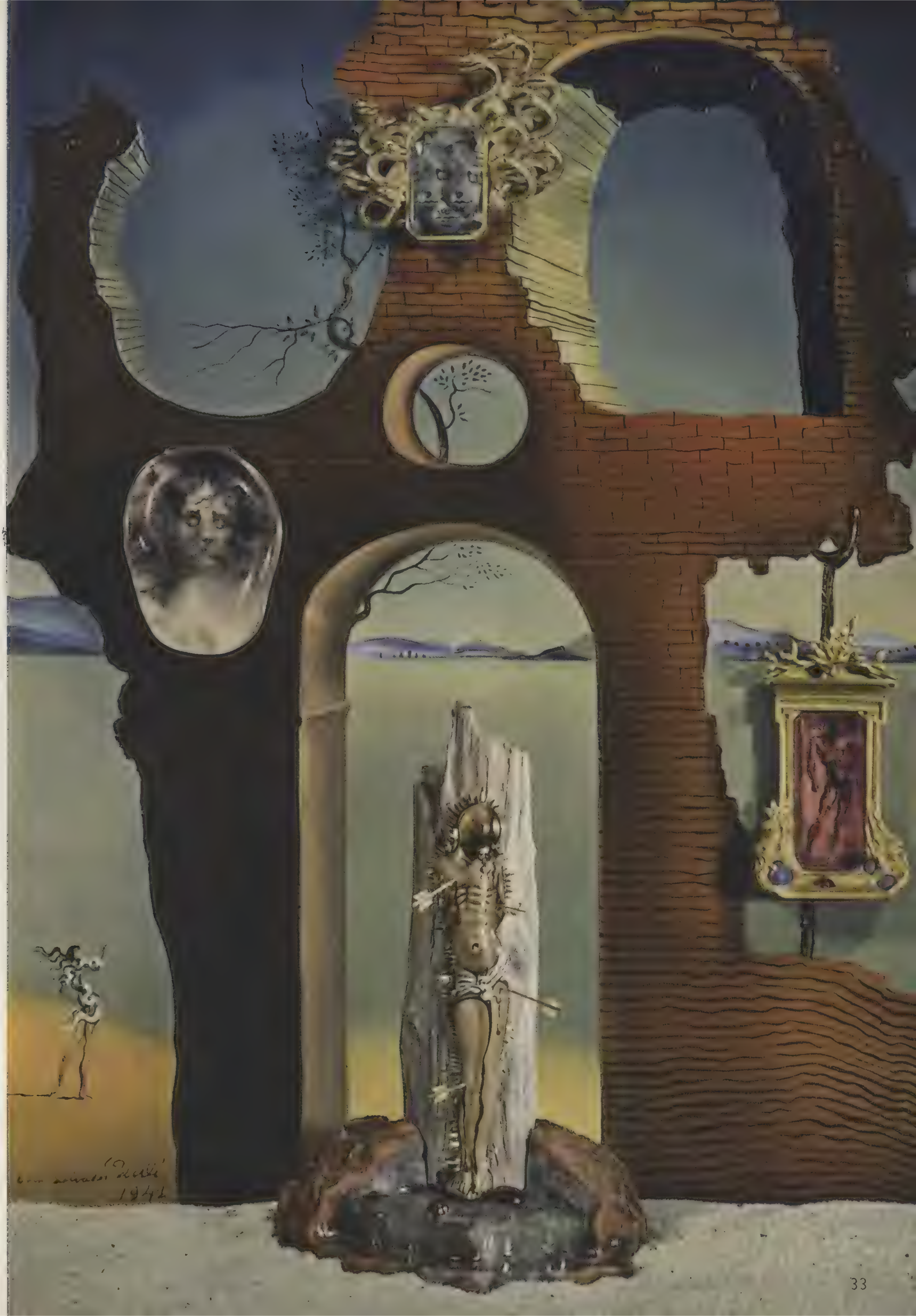
4. I always dream of a movie in which everything is black and white, but photographed in full colour—what a jewel!

5. The ideal Object to me is an Object that is useful for absolutely nothing; that could not be used for writing or removing superfluous hair or for telephoning; an Object which could not be placed on the mantelpiece or a Louis XIV. commode; an Object which one is forced simply to wear—a Jewel.

6. Uselessness is the first condition of luxury.

Four of Dali's fantastic new jewels

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMELIE DANIELSON



Backward Shapes

Backward-sitting are these new hats for autumn 1941...softly draped and falling in graceful folds below the nape of your neck. First above: Wool lace in brilliant tones of green, pink, and purple, with multicoloured ostrich feathers pyramiding out of the top. Second: Vivid wool lace in a backward-sitting turban with cascading arabesque ends. Both at John-Frederics; Marshall Field

Forward Colours

In forward colours are these new hats for autumn 1941...softly draped by Madame Suzy, in the turning-leaf colours of fall itself. First: A rippling yellow felt brim, set upon a shallow black crown. Second: Blue-green rayon velvet, almost pretending to be a beret. Third: Orange rayon velvet, flat as a platter, intricately twisted round itself. All three created by Madame Suzy for Jay-Thorpe

Bucks County Auction

Old chests, butter churns, and birth certificates, the little records of a family and of Pennsylvania's history

By Josephine Herbst

THE Auction, known familiarly among local people as "the Sale," is as surely a sign of spring in Bucks County as the first bluebird. From the time of the thaw until early summer, bills announcing daily sales dangle from hooks in local post-offices and village crossway stores. Local customers, arming themselves with cabbage-plants, finger the leaflets in a hunt for better rakes and hoes. Farmers hanker for more capable harrows or plows, and the village handy man hopes for tools. For the city people, trickling to summer homes, the auction holds the possibility of picking up a fine old cherry table, an old pine chest now disguised as a wood-box, or the bits of chalkware, made by local craftsmen long ago, in the form of deer or doves.

The sale is a family's proclamation that the head of the house has died, or that the family is going up in the world and disdains its ancient vestments, or that it is on the downward path and is shortly to be sheriffed out to no one knows what fortunes. Whatever the cause, the event itself often holds the solemnity and gaiety of an old-time festival, the dignity of a good marriage weathering disaster, the finality of the last ride to the village graveyard.

In a county where the old-time funeral ended in feasting around a groaning board upon sausages and stuffed goose, pickled pigs' feet and hot slaw, a dozen sweets and sours and slices of bread spread thickly with spicy apple butter for the children, the Sale, as representing another kind of death and a strange immortality, is a dramatic event climaxing a lifetime. The family is making its honourable exit in full sight of the neighbours. The cupboards are to be picked clean, the trunks opened, the old clock that has not run for thirty years brought down from the attic. Strangers will handle the wooden butter-moulds, with their carved tulips and birds. City people will marvel at the tiny stitches of Great-grandma's patchwork.

Josephine Herbst and her husband settled down, fifteen years ago, in Bucks County in the old stone farmhouse that once belonged to her Pennsylvania Dutch grandparents. There she has written her six novels, of which the latest is *Satan's Sergeants,* a story of the rich tradition of Bucks.

Born in Sioux City, Iowa, she has wandered all over; lived long in Paris, sailed a ketch off Maine, fished at Key West, picketed with Iowa farmers, inspected Spain's Civil War, Mexico, Soviet Russia, and Nazi Germany.

"Sale at Bucks," a painting by Lucille Corcos, has been a delight of the spring travelling show of the Art Institute of Chicago

ON the great day, the family is up at dawn as if for a wedding or a funeral. A wind has blown down the wistaria in the night. The furniture, that has been dusted to show off at its best, is marshaled out to the porch and front yard. The bed where the old lady had her children is set up once more near the lilac bush that is coming into flower.

Along the rim of the porch someone sets the chairs with the painted backs as if for a harvest supper. There stand the apple butter crocks and the big iron kettles that were used to make soap. The younger generation scorns the old crafts, and the city people will put flowers in the crocks and hang the useless iron kettles in fireplaces that no longer warm the adjacent Dutch ovens for bread baking. In the excitement, Grandpa's old box of books is thrown in with the rest. Someone may give a quarter, and no small change is scorned this day; it's the penny makes the pound.

The neighbours begin to drop in around eight. They are dressed as for marketing with bright and shining faces, solid with faint, suppressed importance. An event is transpiring that is a foreshadowing of their own futures. They may even bid on something if it is not run up too high, but it will be a sensible object that has four good legs and can stand a little wear and tear. None of your relics for them. They move around the yard gently, commenting on the bleeding heart. Remember she set it out the day the cow broke her leg? Grandma's patchwork is wearing thin.

INSIDE the house, the family is having its last breakfast in the old home. Grandma is sulking a little. She is taking it hard, but saying nothing. She sits by herself with dignity, looking out the window at the rhubarb almost ready to pick. Where will they find rhubarb to beat it? The younger members of the family can think of nothing to say to her; like the house itself, she has seen too much.

The origin of the house is dim with time. It may have been built by English Quakers in a county where William Penn himself lived. German Mennonites and Swiss craftsmen had a hand in much of the building. Something of all their cultures is with the house still. The walls, two feet thick, were hewn from the red rock of creek bottoms. The timbers were cut from local pine forests, vanished since the days of the Civil War. No real damage can come to the house; it will outlast all the living.

The Auctioneer, a jaunty soul, with sure acting instincts responds to a good solid house. A run-down place hurts his style, and he hurries through the humiliation. If the sale is too lowly, he may even be unwilling to spiel, but turn that over to his helper while he himself stands with his hat on, keeping his dignity, as he jots down the pennies and nickels.

The early comers watch for the first cars warily. It's a bad sign if the first cars are run-down affairs. When they spot a dealer with a truck, it is a good sign. The dealers have been trying to get Grandma to let go of her relics for years. As the cars come up, the inevitable traffic officer lurking in some inconspicuous neighbourhood leaps to the emergency.

"Put her (Continued on page 80)

Yes, I Like Hollywood—My

I like its innocent extravagances, its tentative, experimental fluidity. And I love to write for a medium that reaches millions of people

APART from a desire to amass a fortune (which is impossible nowadays, and what a relief that is), why do writers come to Hollywood? And how can writers, whose smallest comma no book publisher in the world would dream of altering, endure the experience of submitting their work in its most tentative and incomplete stages to the judgment of all and sundry? I say all and sundry because there is a producer in Hollywood whose Monday-morning greeting to a writer is very often: "Oh, hello, So an So—had a good week-end? A few people dropped in for supper last night, and I tried that new idea of yours—got some interesting reactions...."

The answer to the question how can a writer endure this sort of thing is very simple; he can endure it because everybody else in Hollywood endures it; because the whole movie industry is a fluid, incomplete, tentative, experimental, questing organism—unsure of itself, unaware of its own possibilities, alternately fearful and naïvely courageous, and—beneath a surface of incredible bombast—just about the timidest violet that ever sprouted.

Anybody's opinion is listened to, none is held authoritative; and, since the very natural objective is to make pictures that make profits, a good picture-maker always pays for the most expensive expert advice and then weighs it against the advice he gets for nothing from his secretary, masseur, tobacconist, or the sundry people who drop in to supper.

And why not? The world is full of actual and potential movie-goers, and practically all of them are sundry.

For the book writer, especially, this reflection has its direful aspect. It was Mr. Chesterton, I think, who divided the reading public into two distinct classes—the eager man who wants to read a book, and the tired man who wants a book to read. The modern writer is, in fact, losing adherents from both classes, for the eager man who used to want to read a book is now very often a slave to Elmer Davis or H. V. Kaltenborn, while the tired man who used to want a book to read is probably at his neighbourhood cinema, enjoying the antics of Mickey Mouse or the romantics of Deanna Durbin.

SO *that's* why some writers come to Hollywood. Soothing though it is to spend half the year in the throes of final, solitary, and indisputable word-spinning, one is bound to be fascinated by a medium that appeals ten times more widely and immediately than the biggest best-seller, even if one is also exasperated by a medium in which the end of a story is apt to be changed at the last moment as a result of something the producer's wife overheard the gas-station man say to the chauffeur.

And I find Hollywood all the more fascinating because, when not actually working on a picture, one can live there and forget that Hollywood exists—or rather, one can recollect that of the two and a half million people whose homes are within a few miles, only one in fifty has anything to do with the movie-industry.

Let me make a few more personal confessions. Though I am forty and have been writing for over twenty years, I would not call myself, or expect to be called, an *old* writer. But after six years off and on in picture-work (I first entered a movie studio in 1935), I find it impossible not to look at Hollywood from the angle of an old-timer.

Hollywood is like that. It is geared differently. Anything that happened more than a year ago is historic. Anything that happened before the talkies came in is prehistoric. Anything that happened before pictures were invented never happened at all—except in glorious Technicolor.

I can remember when Sunset Strip was a narrow no-man's land between Hollywood and Beverly Hills; when the route to Warner Brothers was along a twisting rural lane; when there were only two or three drive-in restaurants; when Burbank was a village, and flying to New York a he-man's adventure; when the normal trip East took four days on the train, with a change at Chicago. (And you still have to change trains at Chicago, for no good reason that I have ever been able to discover.)

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, people told me one simply had to advertise one's name in certain papers *or else;* I never did, and never would, and now nobody even says one has to. And when I first came, there was one correct place to be seen dining at, the Trocadero, and one correct place to be seen lunching at, the Vendôme; now both places are closed, and there are half a dozen good restaurants, two good studio commissaries, one good night-club (Ciro's), and several restaurants where for a mere seventy-five cents you can get the smallest glass of tomato-juice in the largest bowl of cracked ice in the world.

I can remember a party at which Irving Thalberg and I sat talking long after dinner, principally about a man called Hitler whom Irving considered a menace to the world's future; and I can remember other Hollywood drawing-rooms in which one heard everything against Hitler except a prophecy that he would one day tie up with Stalin.

I can remember when publicity agents vied with each other in inventing yarns about a star's expensive jewellery or some fantastic insurance policy on her eyebrows; now all that is out-of-date, and you get plaintive little stories about Miss So-and-So lunching at a drive-in and wearing a $2.98 frock.

As a matter of fact, there *have* been economic changes. Six years ago, the big names were rich and lived in big houses; to-day, the big names are new, and since nobody new can nowadays be rich, the big houses are inhabited only by old owners who can't sell them.

Of course, the stars of 1941 are not poor either. But

Happy, Happy Home By James Hilton

girls like Laraine Day and Martha Scott are paupers, and always will be, compared with the Pickfords and Crawfords and Garbos. And who cares? Nobody that I can think of—except perhaps the florists of the *ancien régime* who would sometimes receive an order for five thousand gardenias for a single party—perhaps also the car dealers who used to sell imported Rolls-Royces and Duesenbergs, Isotta Frascinis and Hispano Suizas. To-day, the smart vehicle is a station-wagon, though what advantage this has over a car for driving alone to a studio in is beyond me.

THERE have been economic changes at the studios also. No longer are two-million-dollar epics in favour, and picture budgets are observed with an interest that might occasionally justify the word "scrutiny." When I first had a job in a film studio, I worked at my house and sometimes waited a week for an interview that was necessary before I could go ahead; now I find it more convenient to have an office inside the studio, and I can usually see anyone I want to not later than the same day. The old Wodehouse tradition has died out, and with it, I think, has come an improved status for film writers in the industry, quite apart from the salaries paid them.

But I would still give the same advice as six years ago to the ambitious young writer who wants to write for films—for Heaven's sake make a name in some other field of writing first, *then* come to Hollywood. The studios still respect an outside reputation, though they don't stampede quite so vehemently to sign up anyone who has written a successful novel or made a hit on Broadway.

Despite the temperament that is supposed to afflict everyone connected with the entertainment world, and despite the impression one might get from newspaper head-lines that Hollywood personalities regularly assault each other across café tables, I have never had what I would call a serious row with anybody—either at the studios or on occasions of social contact.

The nearest I ever came to it (perhaps) was when, at Countess di Frasso's house, somebody tipped me off that John Barrymore (whom I had never met) had expressed an intention to sock me; why, I couldn't imagine, and perhaps he couldn't either, for when the moment came we merely shook hands with great politeness and eyed each other appraisingly.

On the whole, I would give Hollywood high marks for both professional and private courtesy. I have heard actors and actresses bawled out by directors on the legitimate stage in a way that no one on a Hollywood lot would stand for a second; indeed, the trend has almost gone too much in the other direction. Few things are more pitiable than to hear a two-thousand-a-week producer trying tactfully and by telephone to convey to a four-thousand-a-week star the plain truth that yesterday's rushes were lousy.

And another bouquet I can throw while I'm in the mood: on no occasion have I heard anyone in a studio use bad language in front of a child-actor; and I tremble to think what happens when one of these children, nurtured amidst the sheltered environment of the film sets, the careful accents of actors, and the golden illusions of scenario-morality, has to sally forth at the retiring age of twelve and discover what the world is really like.

Hollywood, in fact, is extremely well-conducted, as they say of holiday camps, health institutes, and revival meetings—to all of which, incidentally, the film capital bears a faint and fleeting likeness. And beneath its innocent extravagances and conceit lies a still greater innocence of its own increasing power in the world. When it deliberately sets out to affect the fate of nations, its effort is apt to be quickly hooted off the screen (as happened recently in Buenos Aires), but, when it goes on just being Hollywood, its influence permeates far more widely and thoroughly.

It has introduced standards of glamour into the ratings of kings and presidents, artists and musicians; it has set Stokowski above Toscanini and made Deems Taylor the only music critic ever to be asked for autographs; it has taught the world (quite erroneously) that London is a city of perpetual fog and that crime is always punished; it has constantly sweated to expose the sinner, and now finds sin in the exposed sweater; it has given the R. A. F. a useful two-syllable word (Maewest), and it has banned from all serious use a five-word sentence that is the simplest possible expression of a perfectly normal desire: "I want to be alone."

Yes, I like Hollywood, and as evidences of civilization. I think its studio conferences and foot-long hot dogs compare favourably with much going on in other parts of the world.

Born in England, James Hilton wrote his first article for the great Lancashire newspaper, *The Manchester Guardian,* when he was seventeen. Fifteen years of writing followed, with no popular success until, in 1932, in one happy week he wrote *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* for the Christmas Supplement of the *British Weekly.* Since then he has had two spectacular best-sellers: *Lost Horizon,* republished and made into a movie, and his latest book, *Random Harvest,* this spring's best-seller.

Now, he and his wife are living in Hollywood, where he is writing for the movies. He even appears, from time to time, on Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall Program.

What This Country Needs,

ONE night last winter, I went to see "Cabin in the Sky," starring the great Ethel Waters. During the evening, she sang a song called "Taking a Chance on Love." It was a fine song, with lyrics by that great white hope of musical comedy, John Latouche. They were something to get your teeth into, and Miss Waters sang them with gusto, but it was the title of the song which first caught my attention and which I remembered.

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that we live in a dark and turbulent age, remarkable for the hatred ravaging the world. Love thy neighbour as thyself sounds but faintly, and in few hearts, under the crashing of guns. Yet in spite of furious denial, the gentle precept still endures; it is still our salvation, and those hearts which it refreshes are the only oases in all the sterile destruction which surrounds us.

I imagine that love thy neighbour as thyself applies to all humanity, in the sense that we should be kind and thoughtful of others. It doesn't mean only our family and friends, and I don't suppose it was intended primarily that we should be in love with someone so that we might act lovingly towards him. Realistically speaking, however, men and women are more apt to behave with grace and warmth and dignity towards each other when they are in love. That is to say, such time as they are not tearing each other's hearts out, for love is a tricky business, and it is usually in fairy-tales that they live happily ever after.

Still the only people who never fail are those who never try; and then, paradoxically, their whole life is a failure, so that it would seem better in these days of cold brutality, indifference, and panic, not to stand aloof from love if one has the golden chance to embrace it. It is by our heart-beat that we know we live. If our heart falters, our courage, too, deserts us, and the bloom of life has gone. Intellect alone is a dry and rattling thing.

There is a great deal to be said for Taking a Chance on Love. What this country needs, my friends, is more love—who doesn't? Love is a funny, exciting, wonderful thing; it is also sad. It is sad because it is the loveliest thing, but it changes. It is impossible to maintain that high exaltation. It is rarely possible for two people ever to love each other with the same intensity at the same time, and then, too, people change, every day a little bit—we are creatures of change. It is a happy chance if we, changing, continue to love a changed person.

It is a happy chance. Surely one that we ought to take. How can you tell? You might win. In no other game in the world are the stakes so high; star-high for the winner, and if you lose, well, let us hope you're no worse off than you were before.

Five Pretty Little Fables—

(ABOUT A MAN WHO HAD LOST HIS APPETITE AND HOW HE PROVED IT.)

A MAN who had lost his appetite was advised to travel thirty miles to a village where the natural spring waters would restore his normal relish for food. The first day of his journey found him half-way to his destination at the house of poor relatives who lived in the south. They asked him to supper, and he said: Alas, I have lost my appetite, but I will sit at the table with you. He sat at the table, sipped the soup, and said: My stomach fancies just a little more of this soup. After the soup, they put a plate of whole-wheat pilaf in front of him. He ate it all. After the pilaf, they gave him skewered lamb. His stomach fancied more of that, too. And more, one by one, of the salad, the sour milk, the bread, and the stewed raisins. After supper, he went straight to bed.

When he got up in the morning, his humble relatives asked him to breakfast, and he said: Alas, my poor stomach can receive no food, but I will sit at the table with you. What he had not eaten the night before he ate at breakfast, and then immediately got on his donkey to continue his journey. Just before he began to go, his cousin said: After you have taken the cure and your appetite has been restored, I beg of you to return to your city through the north.

(IF A MAN HAS WIT, IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO BE INSTANTANEOUSLY TRANSFORMED FROM THIEF TO TRADER.)

THERE was a thief who was famous for being able to get himself out of the most embarrassing circumstances, and for never having spent a night in jail. One day, he discovered a fine big house with a wall twenty feet high around its enormous garden.

Territory, he mused. In this garden, protected by such a high wall, must grow things I have neither seen nor tasted.

He decided he would have to know those wonderful growing things. See them, smell them, eat them, and perhaps sell a few left-overs. It would be impossible to climb the wall. It would be impossible to get in through the house. So the thief decided to build a ladder.

This he did. He climbed the ladder, stood on the wall, lifted the ladder, and lowered it into the garden.

Easiest thing in the world, he said. Trouble with most people is they haven't got any imagination.

Step by step, he came down the ladder into the garden. As he stepped off the lowest rung of the ladder and began to move toward the wonderful trees and bushes and boughs of the garden, he was suddenly face to face with three armed guards. Would any of you gentlemen like to buy a brand-new, light-weight bamboo ladder? he said.

(ON THE SUBJECT OF WHICH WAY THE WORLD IS GOING.)

THEY saw a man sitting backward on his galloping donkey and said: Oghlon, haven't you made a mistake in mounting the donkey?

Oh no, the man said. The donkey's going to the country, and I'm going home.

My Friends, Is More Love . . . By Ilka Chase

The old saw is right, I think—better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. And, of course, one needn't look on the very darkest side. There's always a pleasant middle ground on which you might land, as on a feather bed when you tumble off the mountain peak.

There is always affection. It has nothing to do with the stars and roses and golden eagles of the heights, but there is a good deal to be said, roughly some fifty thousand volumes, I should imagine, for affection. It's so cosy.

It's like a glass of hot lemonade when you have a cold. It's a pair of comforting arms when you've lost out on the job you've wanted most in the world. It's an understanding smile across the dinner-table when a third person has said some preposterous thing which completely tickles you. It is the laughter in two people's eyes when their child makes an absurd and grave and adorable remark.

Affection is the blood and bones of life. Love is the singing heart, but love demands high courage and gallantry and the realistic knowledge that it may falter. It is this transitory quality that makes it so infinitely bittersweet, but those who have wit and wisdom and the strength to sacrifice outside petty things may have the happy chance of continuing to love in the midst of change.

The great thing is not to be afraid of love. Though there is nothing more boring than indiscriminate blah—there is nothing more niggardly than a man or woman who will not give love from a full heart. The mean ones who offer petty cash instead of shining, golden currency. We have only to look around us in the world we live in to see to what a pass we have been brought by selfishness and hatred and fear, to say to ourselves, surely that way is the wrong way. What can we possibly lose? Let's take a chance on Love.

Ilka Chase is known to most Americans as the acid, debunking, clipped-voiced spark of two radio programs: "Luncheon at the Waldorf," which ended this spring, and the new night program, "Penthouse Party."

Best known to New Yorkers for her acting in a dozen plays, notably in "The Women," Miss Chase does all her own radio script. She lives in New York, where she was born, and is the daughter of Vogue's Editor-in-Chief, Edna Woolman Chase.

Not from the Chinese . . . By William Saroyan

(WHEN AND WHEN NOT TO PASS OUT THE CIGARS.)

A MAN who shipped carloads of grapes from Fresno to the Eastern market filed his claim against the railroad at the end of the season, naming fifty thousand dollars as the extent of his damages, owing to the negligence of the railroad in transporting five hundred carloads.

He then sat back to wait for the reaction from the railroad company. At length, four important representatives of the railroad visited him at his office. They were impressive-looking, middle-aged and elderly, wore expensive clothes, and it seemed to the grape shipper that all was going to be well. The men were in high spirits, full of cheerful greetings, friendly banter, and loud laughter.

The grape shipper opened a box of expensive cigars (fifteen-centers) and said: Cigars, gentlemen? Each man took a cigar. The grape shipper lighted each of the four cigars and one for himself.

At last, the grape shipper said: And now, gentlemen, to business.

Yes, said the oldest of the railroad men. Mr. Gargarlayan, we have carefully considered your claim against the railroad and have come to report that we can not pay you one red cent.

The grape shipper leaped out of his chair and shouted: Why didn't you tell me that before you took the cigars? Is there no courtesy in the world?

(HOW A WISE OLD TAILOR READ THE HAND OF A YOUNG SCOUNDREL.)

A TAILOR took to reading hands both as a pleasant way to drive away boredom and as an effective means of telling people the truth about themselves. A young man, famous throughout the San Joaquin Valley as a scoundrel, came to the tailor one day to have his hand read, bringing with him an audience of gay young men and women. The tailor took the young scoundrel's hand, studied it a moment, and then said seriously, partly in English and partly in Armenian: Ninety-eight per cent. you are a crook—two per cent. straight-shooter—but your personality is good.

Thirty-four-year-old William Saroyan has upset the literary world, with his eight volumes of short stories, a semi-autobiography, *My Name is Aram*, and four plays, including "The Time of Your Life," a Pulitzer Prize winner. (These fables, with some ten more, are to be published soon.)

He spent his boyhood working in Fresno, California, among Armenian relatives who now people his books. Often parodied, no one has captured his tartly American point of view, his sad, sweet style.

We Carried Our Banners—

"Against War and Fascism," our banners said; we never knew then that we would ever have to choose between them.

It is the summer of 1941, and I am helping a friend to pack. My friend is called Mac, and he lives in a room across the hall from me. In the late afternoon, when the weather was fine and the sky over the city a pale grey-blue, we have often met up on the roof.

Mac would sit leaning against a chimney, usually with a book, as after office hours he goes to night classes at N. Y. U. Nearly always Sugar would be on the roof with him, her head resting on one of his knees. Sugar is a very small, very smart terrier who has the most finicky of manners. Now as we are packing, Sugar sits in the corner of the room, and occasionally she whines and gives a little shiver, as she knows that something is happening that she does not understand. We are packing because Mac has volunteered for the Army and has been accepted; he is going off to fight.

The room is in mad disorder—with books, clothes, and phonograph records on the floor. Scattered about are old newspapers with their blunt, black head-lines of destruction, their captions of ruin. Mac sorts out his possessions quickly, not hesitating about the things he can take with him and the things he will leave behind. Much must be left.

Mac is twenty-three—with a short, wiry body and red hair. He has a freckled face, and his expression is now rather sombre and scowling, as he is cutting a wisdom tooth and keeps feeling out the sore spot with his tongue. As we crate the records with excelsior and nail the boxes of books, we are both of us intent on that inward reckoning that departure and great change bring about.

What few words we say aloud are only the flotsam of thoughts within us. Our meditations probably follow the same track. Our backgrounds are similar. We have known secure childhoods, in homes neither rich nor very poor. We have had our share of formal education and have been allowed to seek for and to affirm our own spiritual values. In short, we have grown up as Americans. And we have much to think over, much to remember, and not a little to regret.

"But why did it take me so long? Huh?" Mac is saying. "Glued to the radio, talking, talking. Doing nothing. Why? Answer me that one!"

Sugar looks up at the sound of his voice. Mac has had her for six years. She sits across the table from him when he has his meals at home, and eats exactly what he eats—eggs for breakfast, carrots, anything. Whenever he offers her some special dainty he holds it close to her nose, and before taking it she has a pretty way of raising her right paw in a gesture halfway between begging and benediction.

But Mac pays no attention to Sugar now.

"There is this," he says. "A virtue is a virtue only insofar as it leads to good. But when it can be used as a weakness, as an instrument to make way for evil...."

Mac balls up a sweater and throws it on a pile of clothes in the corner. "You know what I mean."

I do know what he means. We were all of us pacifists. In our adolescence and our youth, we had no notion that we would ever have to fight. War was evil. The last World War had no place in our memories, but we had heard and read all about it. Our heroes in childhood were not soldiers, but great adventurers.

There was Byrd. There was Lindbergh—I thought he was wonderful and wrote him a long letter to tell him so. But that was in 1927, ages ago.

Then later in High School. My High School was like any one of thousands of High Schools in America. On Thursdays, we studied a subject called current events. My teacher had a great spirit and a passion to instil in us the horrors of war. She need not have been so anxious; we were born to the pacifist point of view.

I remember the physical gestures and peculiarities of this teacher better than anything ever said in class—the way she rapped the top of her head with a pencil to emphasize a point, the way that, when she was exasperated, she took off her glasses, pressed her fingers to her eyeballs, and said, "Oh pshaw! Pshaw! Pshaw!" There was always a giggle when this happened, and she would put her glasses back on and peer all around resentfully.

A disarmament conference—the League of Nations—a new party in the German Reich led by a man called Hitler. None of these things meant very much. Everybody knew there could never be another war. What country could start such a thing again? And if in the future it happened—why that would be in Europe. And American faces would never rot in European mud again.

"They told the truth. They were right," Mac says, and I look up at him. He is still packing books. Among them are *Company K, A Farewell to Arms, The Road to War,* and *The Enormous Room.* It was in our adolescence that the culmination of all the agony and destruction of the past war was finally expressed. The influence of these books on us can not be exaggerated. Mac arranges the volumes in stacks according to their size.

"They were right, but only for their time. They could not have realized then that there are worse things even than war. You know?"

"Yes," I answer.

The books are now packed in their boxes, and Mac stops off for a rest. He goes over to the medicine cabinet, opens his mouth very wide, and paints his sore gum with iodine. Then he sits down on a packing-case, his forehead propped on his fists, his face pink and sweating.

"Listen!" Mac says suddenly. "Do you remember May the first, 1935? Can you think back that far?"

Sugar looks up at him, and, as he gives her no notice, she sighs so deeply that her ribs stand out, and she drops her head down on her paws.

We Were Pacifists, Too

By Carson McCullers

"That May day was my first year at University, and I was a member of a students' club. We marched in the parade. I was carrying a big banner AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM. Everything was either black or white. War was evil, Fascism was evil—they were the same. We never knew then that we would ever have to choose between them."

"They were marching that year in Germany, too," I said, quickly. "But they weren't choosing the banners they marched to."

"Yeah," Mac says. "They were marching all right."

Mac starts folding his good suit to put into the bag. "It was Spain," he says. "It was Spain that waked most of us up....

"That was the first round, and we lost it. Then afterward we were forced to pull our punches for so long that most of us just gave up. We didn't make this war, so why should we have to fight in it. Why I ask you? Let's just sit around punch drunk and see what happens. Maybe that gorilla on the other side won't even notice that we're in the ring."

THERE is truth in what he has just said. The last year has a weird, drunken quality. The *Blitzkrieg*—the collapse of Europe—funereal radio voices affirming each new loss—the debris that was once Democracy. We in America have not been able to grasp it all at once. We were prepared to fight for the betterment of Democracy, and to fight with Democratic means—that in itself is no paltry battle.

We never knew that the full force of our barrage would have to be turned outward in order to escape complete annihilation. We have been demoralized. It has taken us long, too long, to come to terms with our inward selves, to adjust our traditions to necessity, to reach the state of conviction that impels action. We have had to reexamine our ideals, and to leave much behind. We have had to face a moral crisis for which we were scantily equipped. But at last we have reached our conclusions and are ready to act. We have come through.

Democracy—intellectual and moral freedom, the liberty to work and live in the way most productive for us, the right to establish our individual spiritual values—that is the breath of the American ideal. And we Americans will fight to preserve it. We have clenched our giant fist; it will not open until we are victorious.

"Thank the Lord it's over," Mac says.

He may be speaking of the past indecisions, or of the packing. We have finished. The room has a sad, naked look with the boxes and suitcases piled up on the dusty floor. Mac goes down-stairs for beer, and when he comes back we close the door and go up to the roof. It is a quiet, warm late afternoon. Wet clothes are hanging on a line, and pigeons strut along the parapet. We sit resting with our backs against a chimney.

Mac opens the beer. Because of the warmth, the foam geysers up over the neck of the bottle and spills on his hand and arm. He holds out his arm to Sugar, and she licks it daintily. Evidently the taste pleases her, for very slowly she raises her right paw and begs for more; he draws her in between his knees and scratches her behind the ears. To-morrow Sugar will be sent on the train to Mac's brother in Delaware.

For a long time we are silent. When Mac speaks his voice is controlled and quiet:

"They say we know what we are fighting against, but that we don't make ourselves plain about what we are fighting for. They want us to stop off to form slogans. It is like asking a man who is being choked and in danger of suffocation why he puts up a struggle. He does not say to himself that he fights because with his wind-pipe clutched he can not get air. He does not remind himself that air contains oxygen, and it is by the process of oxidation that the body derives the energy by which it functions. He does not lie still and tell himself that he has three minutes of grace in which to find out his reasons for wanting to fight off his oppressor and to breathe. A man in such peril simply fights. He fights for release, for air, for life, and he struggles with every ounce of power in his body. He does not stop fighting until all trace of consciousness has left him, or until breath has been granted him once more."

Dark comes on. An airplane cruises in the deepening sky. Mac does not say anything further, there is no more need to talk. To-morrow he will be in the Army.

And Mac, and thousands of others like him, does not face the struggle ahead of us with hopped-up, specious feelings of glory. He knows what it will cost his generation in personal self-denial and in suffering. But he is done with questioning, finished with doubt.

Carson McCullers looks like a schoolgirl come to town, with a long polo coat and flat shoes. Actually, she is twenty-three, has been married for three years, and has two books already published: *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* and *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. She is writing her third this summer, in the artist colony of Yaddo, three minutes from Saratoga.

Born in Columbus, Georgia, a year before the last war ended, she is a purely post-war product. During six years in New York, she has worked in a series of jobs, ranging from editorial writing (on a comic magazine called More Fun) to playing the piano for dancing-lessons, in a settlement house. She studied at Columbia University and N.Y.U. at night, marched in Peace Parades on holidays. But that was four years ago.

These Grapes Need Sugar

Detective story writing is clearly an unwomanly business—my all-too-successful female competitors are wilfully blind

By Rex Stout

EVERYTHING about a man changes as he grows older, including his nightmares. In the most frequently recurring nightmare of my boyhood, I was confined in the marsupial pouch of a kangaroo and struggling frantically to get out, and just as I was hanging from the rim, ready to drop, the kangaroo started jumping, and I was afraid to let go. As far as I know, that kangaroo never did stop jumping, with me hanging on; but about that time Freud's first book was published, and my nightmares took the hint and went in for subtlety.

Since then, they have ranged far and wide. Seven years ago (it was in 1934 that I wrote the first Nero Wolfe story), Jane Austen made her first appearance as the sinister and relentless menace to my life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. Miss Austen had already caused me a lot of trouble. Ever since I had sold a story for nine dollars at the age of seventeen, I had entertained the firm conviction that, in the production of literature, females were nothing but a flock of pollies, fluttering around and cackling. As I say, I entertained the conviction, but I didn't really have it; and who kept me from having it was Jane Austen. Since it was obvious that no finer novelist than her had ever lived, and since there was no way of proving that she was a man in disguise, I was left high and dry.

Then, seven years ago, I had that nightmare for the first time. I dreamed that Jane Austen had come back to life and started writing detective stories! I won't try to describe the effect that nightmare had on me, and still has, every time it comes; I will only say that, by comparison, clinging to the rim of a jumping kangaroo's pouch would be good clean fun.

For it is bad enough as it is, without any nightmares. It might be argued that it would be desirable to obliterate the work of Sappho, Dorothy Osborne, the two Georges (Eliot and Sand), Virginia Woolf, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edith Wharton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Willa Cather, but it is simply not feasible.

In minor poetry, gossipy and amusing letter-writing, sentimental novels, satirical hatpin jabbing, delicate and penetrating fiction, and many other departments of the craft, the skirts are already hanging in the closet, and all idea of making it a stag party has long since been abandoned. With our genius for accepting the inevitable, with the gracious and generous gallantry which invariably characterizes men's dealings with the fair sex, especially literary men, we are even willing to concede that it was a bum idea to begin with. Okay. Let them write their novels and biographies and poems and treatises, and publish them; and even collect the royalties.

But at least they might leave crime detection to us! Tracking down a murderer, ruthlessly pursuing him, cornering him, shackling him, brutally cross-examining him, pitilessly delivering him to inexorable doom—good God, is there anything womanly about that? Is that a woman's business?

"Business" is the right word. Business it is. Here are some statistics. The first column is the name of the practitioner; the second shows the number of murderers caught annually; and the third gives the resulting average annual income, including the Scandinavian:

DOROTHY SAYERS	2	$1,709,366.32
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART	2	4,292,705.68
AGATHA CHRISTIE	39	3,644,119.71
NGAIO MARSH	18	1,718,498.45
LESLIE FORD	26	2,436,707.11
DAVID FROME	3	802,623.57
MARGERY ALLINGHAM	4	1,533,001.99
MIGNON EBERHART	13	2,999,999.99

If you want to add it up, you can. I haven't the heart. I do not say that those figures are the net incomes as shown on their income tax reports, for, of course, considerable deductions are made of their charitable contributions to the various institutions which care for indigent male authors.

Nor am I any curmudgeon. I do not envy or begrudge them their blazing success; I merely think it advisable, in order to safeguard the purity of womanhood and the sanctity of the family, that a law should be passed at once prohibiting females from writing detective stories. That is the fairest and simplest solution in a democratic country.

BUT the inequality in the distribution of wealth, the accumulation of vast fortunes in the hands of a few arrogant matriarchs, is not the only disadvantage resulting from this outrageous condition. Far from it. Crime itself, murder itself, is slowly but surely taking on the aspect of a tiddlywinks tournament, and readers have gradually become so accustomed to the degrading process that they don't even know it is going on.

I shall first bring the general indictment, and then indulge in particulars. Or rather, I shall first state the psychological basis of the indictment: No woman who has never herself committed a murder is capable of believing that anyone ever did commit one, or ever will. That, of course, results from woman's inveterate and universal habit of personalizing, not only all theory and experience, but even all fact.

Not only is it impossible for her to bypass a thought around her ego, rendering it abstract; it is equally impossible for her to accept a fact as real (if the fact has emotional content) unless she can see a piece of herself in it. The effect of that biological truth as seen in female fictional murders is pretty

terrible. The death-rattle is at worst a cackle of annoyance; the dagger is made of suède; the blunt instrument is papier-mâché; the pellet of poison is homeopathic; the blood is raspberry-juice. And the detective, if a man, is either a sweet old thing, a homicide squad lieutenant with a heart of gold, a perfect darling of an inspector, a fabulously eligible and erudite good-looker of the finest breed, or an insufferable sissy. If a woman, words fail me.

I promised to indulge in particulars. Take them in their order in my column of statistics:

SAYERS, THE GENTEEL. The plots, and the handling of them, in at least two—I'm willing to make it three—of the murder stories of Dorothy Sayers, are as fine as they come. The pieces fit beautifully, the author never cheats or fudges, the writing is sensitive and much better than competent, and the background is impeccable. I'll say it's impeccable! Despite its being down in black and white, it is impossible to believe that any of the victims ever really were foully slain. It isn't done, you know. I admit that the murderers are, unquestionably, bounders, as one might expect, but all other characters, even the tough and uncouth, are sound at the core, lacking only the right father and mother and a public school to render them absolutely quite quite.

The superb detective processes of Lord Peter Wimsey are a part of the plot. Aside from that, he is the most intolerable Galahad in the annals of crime. If, as Ogden Nash said, Philo Vance needs a kick in the pants, Lord Peter needs two.

RINEHART, THE BELL RINGER. Again good plots, good writing, and no cheating. The characters, with the exception of the detectives, are vastly more human than the Sayers creatures. In spite of corpses, no one is really murdered, not because it isn't done, but because it hurts to get killed, and who wants to hurt anyone?—and besides, it makes a mess on the carpet. It is difficult to see how the detectives can stick to the trail to the bitter end if the case runs into a week-end, since it is obvious that on Sundays they must knock off to teach their Sunday-school class.

CHRISTIE, THE WHOLESALER. Plots very good indeed, if more attention were given to details, but you can't expect mass production of finely cut gems. Her *Murder of Roger Ackroyd* is the best stunt mystery ever done. In one of her books, ten assorted victims get bumped off, which is a record. Characters who can stay on horses and dress for dinner are mostly synthetic; others, like sales-ladies and ship stewards, often come to life. Christie nearly solved the problem, for women mystery writers insoluble, of creating a detective capable of hounding a murderer to his doom, by the neat device of making Hercule Poirot a Frenchman. Christie is English, and that nearly did it, since to an Englishman or woman, foreigners are funny anyway.

MARSH, THE COLONIAL. I know Australia is no longer a colony, but colonialism can be a state of mind as well as a political status. Plots good to fair, well handled. Writing uneven, sometimes excellent.

Marsh would probably write better, plot better, and develop characters with unusual talent and insight, if she were not constantly harassed by the deplorable fact that all these folks have permitted themselves to get involved in the nasty, indeed quite inadmissible, business of murder.

FORD, THE F. F. V. Nom de plume. Plots are all based on the caprices of Cupid and his regrettable tendency not to let well enough alone once the wedding-bells have rung, but they're not at all bad, and they are well planned and usually well handled. But is that thumb sore! It has three tender spots: Colonel Primrose, Sergeant Buck, and the incredibly coy relations between them. These are men who might, who certainly would, hunt butterflies or the first hepatica under the leaves, but who would never conceivably hunt a murderer. However, that isn't the worst of it. Some of the fanciest cussing I have ever done has been through gritted teeth as I forced myself—not to miss a clue if it was there—to the end of one of those kittenish scenes between Primrose and Buck.

FROME, THE WHOLESOME. Nom de plume. It was well that there was no vital reason why this pen name should permanently conceal the real sex of the writer, since no one could read a page of any of the Pinkerton stories and remain deceived. This Pinkerton is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole sorry business. To cast this gentle, timid, pathetic little rabbit as the grim avenger of bloody deeds is much the same as using Elsie Dinsmore as the piano-player in a house of ill repute—if you can imagine that. The stories are darned good.

ALLINGHAM, THE BOHEMIAN. They're all good at plots, and none better than Allingham. She handles them well, and is especially good at dialogue; and sometimes it is almost credible that the victim did not die of a cold in the head. The murderers, however, are as nice people as you would want to meet, and Albert Campion, the detective, is either the noblest creation of God or God Himself; I have never been able to decide which.

EBERHART, THE SHUDDERER. Eberhart's works belong in a special category. Strictly speaking, they are not detective stories, but apprehension marathons. Little did she know on page 1, and even littler did she know on page 250. The detectives are mostly relegated to the rôle of mere lurkers, in corners, behind trees, at key-holes. The scared heroine is it, and invariably sets up a new long-distance shuddering record.

Well, there they are. There are many others, but these are the big shots. These are the ladies who have made murder a mild misdemeanour, degraded Sherlock Holmes to a prissy or a matinée idol, and compelled droves of male geniuses to adopt the ignoble expedient of sidling up to their limousines and muttering, "Sister, can you spare a million bucks?"

Please pass the sugar.

Rex Stout created one of the most famous characters in detective-story writing—the plump, philosophical Nero Wolfe, whose hobbies are orchid-raising and eating fine food. Mr. Stout, who is quite unlike his hero, was born in Indiana, worked as office boy, banker, and hotel manager, and joined the Navy when he was down to his last three dollars.

The last Nero Wolfe story, *Where There's a Will,* came out last year, and was followed by *The Broken Vase,* involving another Stout character, Tecumseh Fox. In all, Mr. Stout has written seventeen books—only three of them non-mystery. An optimistic man, he has two daughters and a beautiful beard, and is married to Pola Stout, Demon Designer of fabrics.

Thanks to Casey Jones

A ballad for the Pullman car—that so few understand—my more-than-vehicle, my green haven, my safe refuge

By John Mason Brown

SOME people need to be lured into travel by the threat or promise of Nautch-girls, Hopi snake-dancers, the Taj Mahal, or at least the music of faraway names. I don't. Although I like going places as much as the next member of the Joad family, I also like the mere act of getting there. More particularly I like trains—American trains, regardless of where they are going, so long as they are moving.

In fact, I like them so much that were Mr. Rockefeller to remember me in his will (which, alas, seems unlikely), I would be tempted to exchange my bed in my apartment for a berth, have it draped with heavy green curtains, equip it with a machine to rock me gently while I slept, and ensure my slumber by installing a sound track to release such blessed night-sounds on a train as distant whistles, expiring radiators, clanging road signals, passing freight-cars, and the hum of ties. I would go even further. I would have cinders blown in my face from time to time, just to remind me of the good, old days. And at eight o'clock each morning, I would be awakened by having a gnarled black hand shake me firmly by the patella, and by hearing a cheerful voice sing out, "Eight o'clock, Lower Six—only thirty minutes to Wichita."

To my surprise I find myself somewhat lonely in my enthusiasm for railroads. The reason is that most people appear to consider trains as no more than necessary evils. Trains, they argue, are only means of getting some place. To feel this way about them is, of course, to miss all of their pleasure and at least half of their point. For the real charm of a train is self-contained and has very little to do with its destination.

Far be it from me to deny that trains serve a purpose. Their chief justification no doubt remains as carriers to and from a spot to which people have either wanted or been compelled to go. Granting this—granting, also, that trains can occasionally win even more of our gratitude by getting us out of a town than by getting us into it—the real joy to be had from them begins where their usefulness ends.

THE only happy travellers by rail are those who, knowing they have journeys to make, surrender themselves completely to such comforts as a railroad alone can provide. All of them depend upon one thing—a joyous resignation to the fact that when a time-table says a trip is to last eight, twenty, or forty-eight hours, no amount of looking at watches or squirming in chairs will cut these hours down. The unhappy travellers are the restless ones; the ones who are always trying to go faster than the engineer; the ones who are fond of playing conductor and shake their heads like mourners if they are ten minutes late pulling into Wilmington. They give themselves away in countless fashions, these malcontents who can not adjust themselves to trains.

They come aboard with enough chewing-gum tucked away in their pockets or bags to supply a stewardess on a transcontinental airliner. In their hands are four local newspapers which they never read beyond the front pages. Their arms bulge with magazines they would never think of looking at at home. They dispose of these quickly, often presenting them to neighbours as a bait for casual conversations about Roosevelt, Hitler, and the weather.

Soon they develop train thirst and keep rushing to the back of the car to consume sufficient water to provision a camel. Or they prowl up and down the aisle looking for friends they never expect to find. Or they insist, as they wander out to have countless smokes, upon accosting the porter with a "Say, George, do you think we'll make it up?" Or they get out at each stop, after muttering to all uninterested persons near-by, "Well, I think I'll just stretch my legs." Or they disappear into the diner or the lounge to anæsthetize themselves with so much Scotch that they are unfitted to do whatever business may have driven them from their homes.

The trouble with these victims of Pullman St. Vitus is that plainly they regard trains as their enemies rather than their friends. Although they ride the Iron Horse, they are thrown by it. They are not in condition for travel because they are not exhausted. They come aboard too healthy for their comfort or anyone else's.

THAT train travel has its hazards even the staunchest defender of the rails acknowledges. Waiting in a swaying line to get into a diner is never fun. Trying to shave when ten other people glower at you for having had the same idea and blow cigarette smoke in your face before you have had your breakfast is likewise a very minor sport. Listening to other people's kidlets as they caterwaul, or making those summer hegiras (*en masse* and decidedly *en famille*) with children of your own when they are young enough to require all the paraphernalia necessitated by the formula, both before and after taking, must be counted as tribulations.

Dressing and undressing in a berth, or even in a single room (especially if you have crawled on the train in evening clothes and have to get out to-morrow's suit and put away your tuxedo and repack your bag while thrashing about like an elephant in a shoe-box), can also be somewhat trying. At least it can be until you have evolved a personal routine of slipping into pyjamas, a method of your own for triumphing over space. Soon thereafter the ritual becomes not only second nature, but almost agreeable. Necessity once again goes into a maternity ward to be delivered of invention.

These drawbacks, though challenging, are minor compared to the advantages of a train. The little trips—the ones lasting less than an hour and a half—do not count. They are sissy stuff. Although they can be agreeable, they fall into the category of commuting. The hardest journeys—the truest tests of endurance and adaptability—are those which require no more than five hours. They are too long to be amateur, too short to be professional. They seem long only be-

cause they are short. They are the trips which breed impatience and deny repose. It is while taking them that one is apt to surrender most readily to the cardinal sin of travelling by train. That cardinal sin, that arch-destroyer of train comfort and train pleasure, is, of course, any consciousness of the clock which persuades you time is something to be killed.

THE wise traveller, the self-indulgent and the happy one, is he who never looks at his time-table and hides his watch. Time is the engineer's business, not his. He rejoices in the fact that he is as free from it as he is from the telephone. Unless bad news has summoned him, or worries lie ahead, a train can become for him a place of refuge; a restful pause in life; a sanctuary on wheels which devours space even as it annihilates time.

As one of the drama's Typhoid Marys, I confess travel plays a large part in my life. Year after year, with ever-increasing pride in this great quilt of a country sewed together by steel rails, I have swung down, up, and around the United States on trains of all kinds. Stream-lined wonders, expresses, locals, transcontinentals, chromium or plush, air-conditioned or dust-blown, electrified or steam, Rockets or Toonerville Trolleys—I have ridden on more of them than have the delegates to most porters' conventions.

I have fallen onto them at two in the morning at flag-stops during a blizzard, and fallen off of them in strange cities at dawn. During lecture tours, I have slept on them for twenty-five consecutive nights. At least as some one who long ago had to become a contented chain-sleeper, dividing what ought to have been the night between Pullmans and hotels, I have relied on them for rest, and found it.

And I have never lost my fondness for them. I like them not only because of the places to which they have taken me; I like them for themselves. I like them for their comfort, their serenity, their warmth (which is usually adjustable when it becomes too warm). I like them for their efficiency, their impersonality, the darkness and the quiet which one of their rooms can maintain in the broad light of noon, and the illusion they give me of being miraculously becalmed in the midst of motion. I like them because a good train, well used, is among the best of friends. Certainly it is the most excellent rest-cure a healthy landlubber can find, if he happens to be tired and yet must keep on moving.

THEN there are the daytime naps, those open covenants with sleep openly arrived at, which gain in charm because of their sheer shamelessness. Yes, there is also the appetite which only a full day's inactivity on a train can whip up. It is the kind of appetite lumberjacks, campers, draftees, and club-women at a tea understand. Only it is acquired without effort. It is so lusty an appetite that not only do the steaks, the Idaho baked potatoes, and the bacon and eggs have a miraculous crisp taste, but even the canned vegetables and the overcooked coffee seem viewable, if not palatable.

For the overworked person as much in search of rest as Pirandello's six characters were of an author, the ideal business trip is the solitary one. Particularly when you are talking your way around the country, you want quiet. You want it as surely as the clown dreams of playing Hamlet. You get so sick of the sound of your own voice that you can hardly bear to release it. If you could listen, without having to say a word, speech might be endurable. But as neither Dale Carnegie nor Emily Post has as yet considered the case of temporary mutes, your silences are certain to be misunderstood.

Meal-time conversations with the strangers sitting at your table in the diner can be agreeable enough after the first ten teeth have been pulled. They may even save you reading the evening newspaper. But, though once in a long while they can be rewarding, all too seldom do they take the temperature of the region through which you are passing, and all too often do they dwindle into duels of *clichés*.

There are far better places than a train for talk, but few places are a train's equal for reading. Not magazines or newspapers alone. They are merely canapés to the heavy meal which can follow. The classics you have always meant to read, the new books you have failed to get around to, the fat books which usually are put aside for summer, the volume you could not resist while browsing in the station bookstore, the old books you are anxious to reread to see how you and they have changed—these are the perfect companions on a journey.

Even the six stout volumes of the Sandburg *Lincoln*, that absorbing keystone in the Hernia Library, become manageable when a Redcap is present to tote them for you. Undisturbed, at ease, horizontal in a berth, sitting upright in an observation car, or sharing a day-coach seat with a stranger, you can find few libraries as concentrating as a train. Only a deck-chair, on the first two days out, before you have met any of the other passengers, is its superior. For full comfort, however, for the kind of comfort I have indulged in only twice in moments of complete exhaustion, give me a drawing-room, made down for the night and yet occupied for a full day, with sleep permissible at will, with books littering the bed, and with meals brought in as by a summons from Old King Cole.

WHO knows, too, but that when you are travelling by rail these days, you may be so fortunate as to ride on a train that goes through Washington. So long as it does not stop there; so long as it comes from this city to which you never hear of trains going, but from which all of them seem nowadays to leave, you will be a made man for at least a week. Whether you have done no more than take a peek at the scaffolding on the Jefferson Memorial, you will be indistinguishable from Walter Lippmann by the time you get home. For the surest way to become an authority at present is just to have come from Washington.

John Mason Brown, theatre critic on the *New York Evening Post*, is known to most Americans through his seven books (*Broadway on Review* is the latest)—and his countless lectures on the theatre. In making these lectures, he visits about eighty-seven cities a year, talks to a hundred thousand people—learns, incidentally, all about trains.

He has red hair, a Southern accent (he comes from Kentucky), a wife and two sons, a passion for the theatre, and a weakness for trains. As he said himself of the accompanying article, "Lucius Beebe writes of trains as though they were stallions. I have a more Ferdinand approach." He even likes their smell.

Little Towns of America,

Full of a new, Gold-Rush spirit, of soldiers, of machines—like a score of others, a Georgia village becomes a boom town.

It is the luck of the roaring 'Forties all over again—the boom-town days, the Gold-Rush days, the days of the opening of the new American frontiers in the West. The old spirit has become a new spirit. America is on the march again—in Hinesville, in Fayetteville, in Rightstown, Indian Town, Ayer, Falmouth, and Lee Hall; in scores of small settlements spanning the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, erstwhile sleepy villages have been stirred to a new life. The gentle drone of *dolce far niente,* which hung like a pall over a hundred remote villages, has suddenly been accelerated into a clamorous and exultant *deux à deux* between training camp and village—for the new Army has renewed the vitality of these American towns.

Camp Stewart, Fort Bragg, Camp Dix, Camp Lebanon, Camp Edwards, Camp Devins, Fort Eustis—their very names recall the backwoods days of Lewis and Clark and Daniel Boone, log cabins and Indian fighters, stockades and the cutting down of primeval forests to make clearings for new settlers. On the fringe of the old settlements, they have sprung up, overnight, with vast complements of men and machines, transforming the near-by townships into important through-centres for the hectic and unceasing activity of the camps. Yet the contrast between the towns so affected is only regional—in the North, the metamorphosis wrought takes a characteristic form, as in the Middle West, and in the South. Let us examine one such, and in this microcosm see the whole.

A year ago, Hinesville (Ga.) was one of those dreamy little towns—if one can dignify a score of small frame houses in a pine forest clearing by calling it a town. Passing through by motor-car, on the long, flat road, one said, "There!", and one's travelling companion, turning to look, answered, "Where?" It was already gone. Life was one long siesta for its population of eight hundred, who contributed no particular distinction to its status as a pin-point on the map. To-day, Hinesville has a population of five thousand, and appears to increase hourly as the influx of new inhabitants pours in. There was only one street—the highway—a few months ago. Now there are several—raw and new, alive with activity. It's all because Camp Stewart, training quarters for New York's own 207th Regiment (the former hallowed "Old 7th"), is on its outskirts.

But this transformation is not only an external one. The entire life of the little town, and of its people, has been completely revolutionized in the course of a few months by its proximity to a vast training camp. The old County Court House, with its small, white, pointed tower, looks down with astonishment on the never-ending merry-go-round of autos, buses, station-wagons, and trucks racing around the square. From its hub, the new Main Street now flaunts imperiously a gay ribbon of new shops—a beauty parlour, a real estate office, a movie house, a billiard academy, restaurants, a dozen bars, and the newly enlarged publishing office of the *Liberty County Herald.* "De-Luxe" taxis run a continuous ferry between Hinesville and Savannah, forty miles away. An occasional pig or cow still crosses Main Street, from its forage in someone's back-yard, seeking greener grass on the other side. The poor beasts can not quite adapt themselves to this new epoch. The impatient honks of auto horns send them scurrying and bleating off. Luckily for them, a few steps further, and this modern grandeur is finished and the dark forest once more begins. But how long before the city will ultimately have enslaved the forest? The city's advance is not to be stopped.

Despite the flare-like growth of the town, no matter how rapidly new buildings spring up, the human current is still stronger. Where do all the newly arrived people sleep? The workers on the housing projects live in the trailers in which they came. Dozens of these trailers form a camp of their own outside the "city limits" of Hinesville. The old Magnolia Hotel, relic of the Civil War, hasn't had a vacancy since autumn. But a place to sleep seems to be the last of the newcomers' cares.

There is little time to sleep. Hinesville is working. Hinesville is amusing itself. Nine-tenths of the new buildings are beer joints, each consisting of one large floor on which a dozen gambling machines stand, in rank and file, facing the long bar. A poolroom has installed twelve ultramodern billiard-tables; a large bowling academy has just been completed, and an elegant swimming-pool, accommodating six hundred, is almost ready. The amusement centre of Hinesville determines the character of the town and the rhythm of its new life.

To the sixteen thousand men quartered at Camp Stewart, Main Street serves as a substitute for Broadway after five P. M. each day. On week-ends, when the men have thirty-six hours' leave, it's *Mardi Gras.* After the quiet, but rigid discipline of the camp, soldiers want relaxation, amusement, noise. Hinesville is patriotic—Hinesville is doing its duty by the men.

The girls of Hinesville are having a great time. But they are not entirely happy. They have competition of a kind not to be dismissed lightly. From all over the country, girls have been streaming into Hinesville, and the new girls work as waitresses and hostesses. Every café has at least fifteen or twenty girls. Into the new cacophonic life, they have brought an additional metropolitan note. Protesting this invasion of their native rights—the Hinesville girls have gone into counter-attack. The opening of a beauty parlour was the first objective gained. The war goes on. It will be fought to the bitter end, with make-up and permanent waves as weapons.

Other objectives are being attained on other fronts. Hinesville now has a doctor who can devote all his time to doctoring. Before, the village doctor divided his days between serving as both physician and Mayor of the town. To-day, he is

You Were Never Like This

By Leo Lania

Hinesville's full-time Mayor, and another medico has been installed to look down Hinesville throats.

The Sheriff has bought himself a new sombrero and doesn't smile any more. Five thousand people to protect, as against a former eight hundred, is no laughing matter. As for the village Marshal, he has a gun-belt slung raffishly around his middle, now, and a .45 automatic slaps confidently against his right thigh and underscores the narrow-eyed, tight-lipped gaze with which he views a stranger.

THE shopkeepers of Hinesville complain that the new boom in their businesses has kept them so busy that they have not time for the old social amenities any more. "Why, before all this started," drawled one of them, a catch in his voice, "I used to chin over to Jim's place across the way—Jim's m'best friend. Now there ain't no doggone time for chinnin' with old friends any more!" If the old times were good, I had the impression that he liked his new car still better...even if one couldn't get him to admit it.

The only real victim of Hinesville's development is the genial little roly-poly M. F. Clark, junior, editor and publisher of the *Liberty County Herald*. Gone is the time when he could dedicate six days a week to the ancient and gentlemanly sport of fishing in the placid stream that threads through the near-by forest. To-day, he works from morn to midnight; he has no time to sleep. He has put his fishing-rod away. The weekly circulation of the paper has mounted, in six months, from three hundred to three thousand. Now, he has three assistants, a modern rotary press and two new linotype machines, all housed in a new building that he built around the old one. He also prints the camp paper, *The 7th Regiment Field Gazette,* which the boys of the camp themselves edit.

CLARK groans and sweats—the long afternoons are hot, there is so much to be done, and Clark tips the scales at over two hundred. Every day there is a new development in Hinesville, and Clark complains about keeping up with events. New housing projects, a sanitation program, the erection of a public library. Farmers must be told how to sell their crops to the new Army; meetings are to be held to discuss the important rôle that Georgia's timber resources are to play in the Defense Program—and the ladies of Hinesville want Clark's opinion about the new summer and autumn styles. *Are* the colours for this season brown and tan, as an expert announced last week in the *Herald,* or light green, as the authority at the beauty parlour suggested?...

But one thing keeps Clark going. Over his desk hangs a framed reproduction of the Declaration of Independence. The first two signatures of the extreme left column of signers are Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett, two sons of Hinesville's Liberty County. It gives Hinesville a definite status among cities of the world as far as he is concerned. It gives him courage to carry on. Now, once more Hinesville is contributing to the preservation of the American ideal.

There is yet a final problem to be solved, for Hinesville—the competition of *Boomtown* and *Zoomtown,* two groups of nondescript shacks reminiscent of the Gold-Rush days of '49, which suddenly made their appearance one morning on the fringe of the camp grounds. A half-dozen clapboard one-story buildings facing each other across a dust road, they are mainly beer places, dance-halls, and gambling-machine emporiums. One shack has been named "21." Another is called the "Stork Club." A travelling carnival abandoned a colony of monkeys in the backyard of one of them. Sprawling, low-ceilinged eating places, served by Negroes stripped to the waist, they have every appearance of an outpost in Nigeria when one comes in out of the hot sun to chance a tin plate of food and a cool drink out of the bottle. "Camp followers"—i.e., girls travelling the camp circuit—show up in the bars in the evening, but the camp officials have declared both *Boomtown* and *Zoomtown* not "O. D.," which means that the trainees at the camp may not patronize them. All that *Boomtown* and *Zoomtown* lack to complete the picture of a frontier town of the Old West, during the opening of the continent, is an occasional horseman galloping up, dismounting, hitching his tired steed to a post outside, and bow-legging it up to the bar.

The citizens of Hinesville silently watch the never-ending procession of Army trucks in the distance, threading single file down the ribbon of road beneath the poplars, that gives one the impression of a sequence from "The Big Parade" being projected on a continuous strip of film. The nights are cool; and Camp Stewart is a thousand miles from Broadway. Hinesville is, in its own way, all out for defense. Man must be trained for war, and Hinesville for the recreation of the warrior! How many Hinesvilles are there in the U. S. A.?

Leo Lania, the Austrian author, has covered almost every writing field and published documentation on them all. His first job was as reporter for *Avanti* in 1913, when Mussolini was its editor. In 1923, with Fascist credentials he faked himself, he spent ten days with Hitler.

A journalist, he wrote for all the German papers. He worked in theatre production with Reinhardt; did twenty-seven movies, including "Three Penny Opera." He has written dozens of plays, including "Roar China," a novel, *Land of Promise,* and a book about his months in a French concentration camp, *The Darkest Hour.* His autobiography, *I Conquered Fear,* will be published in the autumn. It has a lot of ground to cover.

Surely, I Would Have

I met Venizelos, the great Greek Premier. I was seventeen and a sophomore—and to me he was just another visiting lecturer, with a beard

I CAN'T go to a cocktail party these days without somebody getting me off in a corner and being puzzled about the Greeks. Greek was supposed to be a dead language, the Greeks living among the ruins, and suddenly they waged war like wildcats, faced a new battle of Marathon all over again. What kind of people are these modern Greeks anyhow? Oh, yes, the ancient Greeks had a poet named Homer, and he talked about a soldier named Achilles. But has there ever been another Achilles in Greek history?

That question was answered for me during the First World War.

When America joined the Allies, I was seventeen and a sophomore at college. I had led a sheltered life, so I was a very young seventeen. My family had bent every effort toward keeping me innocent. College had not disillusioned me. I was embalmed in the campus atmosphere, the sort of girl who believed in a dream Prince and wrote poetry about dawn and took a lot of ancient Greek. What there was of my mind was completely B. C.

At the very moment when I was following the adventures of the wily Odysseus, Eleutherios Venizelos, Premier of Greece, visited this country. He was at the height of his power and brilliance. His visit was a triumphal progress, heralded in all the newspapers.

WELL do I remember the spring morning when my Greek professor—a terse, awesome woman—called me to her office.

"Mr. Venizelos is coming here to lecture on Thursday," she said. "Imagine what an honour for the college!"

I nodded, wordless. I thought it best to be wordless, because I had not the faintest idea who Mr. Venizelos was. I could have told anybody who Pericles was, or Leonidas, or given a neat biography of Aristotle. But this Mr. Venizelos, since he had evidently been born in some year A. D., was out of my orbit.

"He is arriving at two o'clock and will lecture in the evening," my professor continued, her bosom puffing impressively with each word. "The President is giving a dinner in his honour at seven. Mr. Venizelos has expressed a wish to see our campus, and, unfortunately, all our Faculty members are too heavily scheduled to show him about. So you have been chosen."

"I have lab," I said, hopefully.

"You will be excused from laboratory work. Yours is a great honour and a great responsibility because you will be part of the impression which Mr. Venizelos carries away from this college."

I longed to ask her who Mr. Venizelos was, but I didn't dare. Her tone of voice suggested that any one who didn't know who Mr. Venizelos was simply had no idea what was going on. All of which was perfectly true. As usual, I had been so busy, doing my class assignments from day to day, that I never had any chance to read the newspapers. I knew we were in a War, but the details escaped me.

"Be in my office on Thursday at two," my professor said. "I am sure you must be a very happy young woman."

I smiled hideously, but I was not at all happy. The prospect of Thursday filled me with gloom. This Mr. Venizelos was evidently a "visiting lecturer," and I had seen visiting lecturers before. They were always introduced as great honours to the college, and they turned out to be near-sighted, wizened, boring little men.

My ideal of manhood was Achilles. Moreover, Mr. Venizelos must be a modern Greek, and I was firmly convinced all modern Greeks were decadent. A race that existed only on its memories. Not at all like the kind of people Homer sang about.

I TOLD none of my friends about my appointment with Mr. Venizelos, not only because I was afraid they would jeer at my being roped in to entertain a visiting lecturer. I was also afraid they, too, realized that modern Greeks were decadent, and my afternoon with Mr. Venizelos would be a blot on my social escutcheon. Of course, I knew that Mr. Venizelos must be respectable. And he must have done something or other. Otherwise he would not be a visiting lecturer. I wished I knew just what it was he had done. The only modern Greek I had met, up to that time, ran an ice-cream parlour in my home town.

Came Thursday afternoon. A student guide was supposed to wear her best. As far as I was concerned, that was white dotted Swiss and a pink sash. It was one of those spring days warm enough to go without a heavy coat, but I had a white silk cape with a fringe. My hair was just out of curl-papers. Mary Garden Toilet Powder veiled my nose. My white lace handkerchief was scented with "Wild Violet."

I was prompt for my appointment. My Greek professor, in a state of happy agitation, introduced me to Mr. Venizelos. My heart sank. He must have been, at that time, in his early fifties, but to me all men over thirty were definitely senile. Besides, he had a beard. And he looked very foreign. I could not hope, if any of my friends met us on campus, to pass him off as a visiting uncle.

There was nothing to do but start on our tour of the campus and live bravely through the next four hours.

"You know, Mr. Venizelos," I said, as soon as we were out of earshot of the Greek department, "when I first heard of you, I thought you were a country somewhere down in South America."

"Doubtless you were relieved to discover I was not," he said gravely.

My laughter was hollow. I had hoped my remark would make him say just who he was, but evidently he was not giving out any information. I resigned myself to a nervous ignorance. I showed him the campus sights, and it took quite some time because I led him down the byways,

Recognized Achilles By Dorothy Walworth

avoiding the main thoroughfares. He seemed very vigorous for a man of his age—in fact, he asked me to race him to the chapel, and he won. Every once in a while he stood stock-still and laughed very hard. He didn't seem to have lost interest in life, because he asked a lot of questions. He spoke English perfectly, too. I almost complimented him on his large vocabulary. Of course, I was embarrassed about the undignified race to the chapel, but, on the whole, the hours were going better than I feared.

FINALLY we sat down to rest on a tree trunk at the edge of our college lake. About us the woods were all in bud, and the sun was gentle, and the air smelled of moss. We still had two hours before I was supposed to return him to the Greek department. So we talked. Never once did he mention the War or his own part in world affairs. We spoke about spring, and our favourite flowers, and music, and dancing. He asked me to dance a few American steps for him, and he danced some Greek steps for me.

"Dancing goes back into Greek history," I said, solemnly. "The satyrs, you know."

We talked about books, too, and I said I wanted to be a writer, and he said he wished he had been a writer, and he sighed.

"It must be very difficult not to see your life's ambition fulfilled," I said, sympathetically.

He said, "It's no fun at all. I often think—one can do so much—with paper and pen."

"The pen is mightier than the sword," I assured him.

He asked me if I were in love, and I said not right now, although I had been in love several times in my past. He admitted that love was a great problem. This fact was such a common bond between us that I felt I might venture, once more, to find out who he was and what he did.

"Your work—it must be very interesting."

"Quite."

"Fascinating, I should think."

"It is not as interesting as a spring day, and being young, and having life before you."

When it was quarter to six, we got up from the log, and he noticed that, as we stood there, our faces were reflected in the lake water.

"Now I will work a charm," he said, "so that as long as we live we will think of this day."

He picked up a pebble, dropped it into the water. The little ripples spread and melted over both our reflections.

"There!" he said. "The charm always comes true. I will remember you, and you will remember me."

AT my Greek professor's door, I shook hands formally with Mr. Venizelos and then scuttled back to my dormitory, drawing long breaths of relief. I had enjoyed the afternoon—fairly well. But enough was enough. I did not go to Mr. Venizelos' lecture that evening. I felt I had done my duty by him and the college.

None of my friends went to his lecture. They were not the type. My Greek professor only said he had been a "vast inspiration." So I never did hear what he talked about.

Three days afterwards I got a letter from Mr. Venizelos. As I read it, I gathered he had been pleased to meet me..."in the midst of the world's sorrow, you were infinitely refreshing"... He went on to say that he would like to meet my parents and visit our home..."in order that I may have a glimpse of youth again..."

Shame swept over me. I distinctly felt this man was putting himself forward. Here he was, ready to drop into the grave, not even a good honest American, expecting to know me and be invited to our house!

I got some of the college stationery, took my pen firmly in hand, and wrote a note saying: "Dear Mr. Venizelos: Thank you for your letter, but I am afraid I shall be too busy with my college work to see anybody." I signed it with my full name. Then I tore his letter up and threw it into the waste-basket.

I sat down at my desk to do my Greek assignment for the next day. It was part of the story of Achilles, the part where he hid for a while among the women, and nobody recognized him.

"If I had been there, I would have recognized him!" I thought earnestly. "I would have known him right away!"

And then, because I was the sort of girl who thought of a dream Prince and wrote poetry about dawn, I put my head down on the desk and wept because the high days of romance were over, and Achilles was dead, and nothing beautiful happened to girls any more.

Dorothy Walworth is completely a product of New York State. She was born in Cornwall, the daughter of a Methodist minister; was graduated from Vassar; and now, with her husband, her nineteen-year-old daughter, and her Manx cat, divides her time between Chappaqua and New York City. (Her husband is Merle Crowell, former editor of *American Magazine,* now public relations director at Rockefeller Center.)

Her last novel (eight have already been published) was called *Feast of Reason,* a straight, humorous, broadside attack on pseudo-progressive education. A small, dark-haired woman with lively brown eyes, she talks as openly as she writes, is an outstandingly un-egotistical observer of her world, herself, and her works. Of her eight books, she likes only three.

Get Your Face Ready

By Paul Gallico

HI, girls! Remember me? That man who sticks his neck out every so often to put you right about your clothes and your hats so that you can continue to attract us? I'm back again with a complaint.

It isn't about your clothes, though I can not say that you have improved much since I straightened you out the last time a few years ago and told you for Heaven's sake to consider the colouring of your skin before you went out and bought yourself those off-shades of yellow and green and smoke-rose. (I find many of your hats charming.)

No, it isn't so much clothes this time. It's your faces. What on earth have you been doing to them? By and large, they look as though you had been going to a subway builder and getting them poured in concrete. What are you all looking so crabby about? For Heaven's sake, girls, loosen up! Things are going to get a lot worse before they get better, and you might as well begin redoing your faces now to meet it.

It used to be fun to stroll down Fifth Avenue, or sit in the Stork, or at "21," and watch you come in, but not since you've acquired those 1941 panzer façades. You're as pretty as ever, but wherever I go, I see hardness overlaying your sweet features like shellac, corners of mouths turned down in discontent, eyes as cold as last winter, faces taut with bitterness or sophistication. For what? You don't think it cheers us guys up, do you?

Paul Gallico's stories are known now to some forty-five million readers. A big, husky, racy reporter, Gallico spent fourteen years as a sports writer on the *Daily News*, has had four books published (the latest, *The Snow Goose*), and is now in Hollywood writing a movie.

He has been a foreign correspondent, worked in England, France, and Germany, and is just back from South America. For authentic stories, he once drove a racing-car, once boxed with Jack Dempsey—"I felt like I was being stalked."

EDITOR'S NOTE. [*Also written by Paul Gallico.*] *The opinions of Mr. Gallico do not necessarily reflect the policy of this magazine. It just amazes us how patient men have been up to now*

LOOK, girls. There are some tough times ahead for us the next couple of years. It's going to be a man's world around here for a little while. The Marines have practically landed. The Army, the Navy, and the Air Force are about ready to take over. And the rest of us are on that old tax battle-line. We've got to scare up the dough to pay for it all. We're going to need all the softness and tenderness that can bless your faces, all the sweetness and beauty that dwells in your eyes. How about clearing decks for action with the rest of us?

You know what I'm driving at—Dress by Hattie Carnegie, complexion by Liz Arden, hair-do by Antoine, and expression by the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Not that you couldn't give your make-up an overhauling. You apparently think that we can't recognize beautiful eyes unless they have lamp-black on the upper lid, axle-grease underneath, and soot on the lashes. Darlings, wake up! There isn't a guy on two feet who can't spot a dazzling pair of lamps with the back of his head.

What I am squawking about is that we have to probe down through a mess of LePage's glue, powdered ink, and false whiskers to find out whether there is any kindness in them. If you could get compassion and tenderness out of that black stuff that you rub on with a sawed-off toothbrush, I'd be all for it. Because that's what we're going to need, and that's what your lovely eyes were made for, to make our hearts beat faster, to make us feel warm and melting and alive.

Considering how clever I have found you to be, by and large, it beats me what you do with your mouths. For Pete's sake, my angels, have you forgotten that your mouth is one of the most stirring things you've got? That in a reasonably natural state it is a standing invitation to a guy to lose his head, his heart, his freedom, and his pocketbook? That even contemplating the kissing of a soft, fresh, clean, firm, well-shaped pair of female lips is more fun than eighteen holes of golf with the gang on Saturday afternoon, or hooking into a marlin, or sampling a thick, juicy sirloin, charred on the outside, or beating the stock market?

And what do you do? You louse up its lines so a guy can't measure where it begins and ends, or follow its sweet and wonderful contours in anticipation, and you bury it under a gooey paste the colour of overripe tomatoes, or painter's red lead, or even worse, that nasty blackish stuff which makes a girl look as though just before she had gone out her old man had let her have it with a blueberry pie.

To put it on a frankly practical basis, the Army isn't going to stand for that. Those chaps have to wash their own shirts. Time is too precious in the national defense scheme to be wasted trying to get lipstick out of a khaki collar.

WHAT I mean is, for Heaven's sake, why don't you learn how to make up? Any dope can swipe a calcimine brush across her kisser and finish it off with three coats of varnish, but it's still "WET PAINT" to the chap on the other side of the table. And if you think it is appetizing for us to dine with you, when, by the time the consommé arrives, the glassware and the table-linen remind you of "Calling Dr. Brent, surgery. Calling Dr. Brent, surgery," guess again. And did you know that, when you eat, the stuff comes off and gives you a little crimson mustache where no mustache ever grows, between the lower lip and the chin? Well, it does. And I'm tired of it.

And just for the record, I beg of you all not to come up with that oldie about—"WELL, Mister Gallico, how would you like us if we (Continued on page 82)

Opposite: Purple passages colouring the way to autumn. Rayon crêpe skirt, wool and rabbit's-fur top. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWLINGS

Purple on the Horizon

HORST • CONDÉ NAST ENGRAVING

Miss Rosemary Warburton

Only daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt

Australia Is Not Tame

Vast, beautiful, empty, and unknown—a country and a continent

By Lydia Tritton Kerensky

AUSTRALIA is not a tame country. In the North—in Queensland where I lived—it is entirely tropical, and the great heat ruled our lives and ways of living. Our house, like all the others in the district, was built of wood, on high stumps, or stilts, above all snakes, insects, and torrential rains. Beds stood away from the walls, shrouded in mosquito netting. Windows and wide doors opened on a deep, shady veranda, and all around were dark forests full of mangos, guavas, loquats, and papaws.

Our house stood on land which had once been an aboriginal camp, and my brothers and sisters, on their explorations of the countryside, often found "buried" mummies of the blacks. The natives used to fold the corpse in a sitting position and, after removing the knee-caps to prevent the spirit's walking, tied the body in the fork of a tree. (We had a great collection of the spears and nulla-nullas, drums and boomerangs that had been "buried" with them.) I have seen what they say few white people have seen—the tribal war-dance, or *corrobaree;* the ceremonies of the *Bora Ring,* when the thirteen-year-old boys are initiated into the secrets of the tribe and the warriors are chosen.

The Australian aborigines stand almost at the bottom of the scientists' scale of mankind. The new theory is that they are not true natives, and not Negroes, but a low or debased type of white. Lacking salt in their diet, they cook all their food—game, snakes, birds, fish, and animals—with the entrails inside. They are dying off quickly, although the Government has made big reservations for them; they love to dress up in white men's clothes and hats and when, inevitably, they take off these trappings, they die of sunstroke and the common cold.

The natives are practically unteachable, so on the big ranches, or "stations," the question of servants is always a problem. A man may own a huge station and thousands of sheep ("the easiest way to make a fortune is to watch God grow wool on sheeps backs"), but his womenfolk must be prepared to do all the cleaning and to cook on a rather primitive wood-burning stove. Only a few of the older homesteads, the very rich stations, have their own dynamos. The rest, particularly those in the interior, have no electricity and depend on a very ingenious drip-safe for refrigeration. All this makes housekeeping difficult, to say the least, but the natives are utterly undependable. If one has a "gin," as the black women are called, she is apt to go off any night on a "walkabout," to join her tribe in its nomadic and seasonal change of camp.

One girl I knew at school in Brisbane had been carried off by her devoted black nurse on one of these walkabouts. Troopers went after the tribe, hoping to catch up with it at the broad Ord River, famous for its giant Queensland crocodiles. But the Medicine Man had charmed the waters, and the tribe had crossed safely. It was some time before the little white girl, quite well and happy, was found and returned home.

I LEARNED a lot about my vast, sparsely populated country from my schoolmates. Some of the girls travelled hundreds and hundreds of miles, from the far west and the north, to reach Brisbane. Two of them, who lived near the Cloncurry gold-fields, left home by camel caravan, changing to a horse-drawn coach for the long trip through heavily wooded jungle country to the nearest railhead. One came from the Macdonald Ranges in the very heart of Australia, and another from New Guinea.

A girl who came from the north coastal country, where floods are a constant menace, told us a story of her parents' experiences before she was born. The flood rains had set in, the rivers were rising, and water was sucking at the house stumps. Her father made a little canvas boat, put his wife in it and, strapping it round his chest, swam three rivers in flood to get her (Continued on page 79)

Opposite page: Miss Rosemary Warburton, one of New York's most distinguished young beauties, is taking the Red Cross First Aid Course and is serving on various War Relief committees. Twenty years old, born in Paris, educated in America, she collects First Editions and is now trying her hand at writing. Miss Warburton has travelled extensively in Europe and cruised around the West Indies and Central America. She has chosen for summer evenings this dress with a flower-printed top and flowing white chiffon skirt

Three Inches Short

Most important coiffure news in years—this new cut, three inches in front, tapering to one inch in back. (Greta Garbo had hers cut that way for her new picture; Clare Boothe had hers cut for her trip to China.) For daytime, simply brush it out loose, as at the left. For variety, perhaps you'll supplement it with switches. Below, left, dressed with a ribbon-braided switch. Below, right, helmeted in a double switch you wrap and tuck just like a turban. Opposite—unaided.

HORST

Three Inches Tall . . . Yes, your eyes deceive you...this coiffure, achieved without benefit of switches, needs no hair longer than three inches! (Mrs. St. George Duke and Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Greer Garson and Hedy Lamarr all have their hair this versatile new length.) You might wear your hair this way for evening: upswept at the sides, side-swept at the back, brushed up high at the top. Coiffure—Elizabeth Arden

GENTLE JERSEY . . . UNDER TWENTY

ALL FROM BEST

KARGER

Slithery jersey—to give young things big returns on small investments. It becomes your slim, lithe figures. Packs wonderfully for week-ends. Keeps cool and unruffled in heat. Achieves the admiration of your very best beau. Bridges the time from early-summer cottons to autumn velvets and taffetas

Above, first: Magenta belt, magenta stripe on this pale blue dirndl dress of rayon jersey. (The dirndl's an Under-Twenty pet, unfailingly.) $19.95. Second: Decorative gold kid midriff set into a dinner-and-dancing dress of white rayon jersey. Good at Bar Harbor, all points south and west. $17.95

Opposite: Bright red rayon jersey top with a V-deep neck-line, on a floating white rayon chiffon skirt, to drift as you dance on roof-garden or country-club terrace. Made to show off a slender young waist—that high-cut waist-line with the wrap-around sash. $19.95. All three jersey dresses are at Best

Under Twenty—

Fluid jersey dinner-dresses
under twenty dollars
for you who are under twenty years

MASK AND EYE-SHIELD WORN BY BRITISH WOMEN AS PROTECTION FROM INCENDIARY BOMBS. ONE HOLDS AN AIR-RAID WARDEN'S WHISTLE

LEE MILLER

TINNED FOODS AND EMERGENCY SUPPLIES—ALWAYS READY

GIRL DECONTAMINATION WORKER—GAS-PROOFED

AIR-RAID WARDEN'S LANTERN, WORN CLIPPED TO BELT

BRITISH WOMEN UNDER FIRE

Whether in or out of the organized services, every British housewife is mobilized to fight against fire, and—if necessary—against gas

IN EVERYBODY'S HALL—NECESSITIES

ASBESTOS FACE PROTECTOR, GLOVES, SHIELD, SHOVELS

CELLAR SHELTER, COMPLETELY EQUIPPED

ENGLISHWOMAN'S BEDSIDE TABLE IN WARTIME

BRITAIN'S deadliest enemy, on the land, is Fire. And Fire has no more ruthless adversaries than the women of Britain. Along with the men, they work as incendiary-bomb spotters—handling, not the simple magnesium flares used earlier in the war, but incendiaries barbed with a delayed-action charge of high explosive. In the A. F. S. (Auxiliary Fire Service), women drive the fire-engines and work, with pickaxes and shovels, in the demolition squads.

Some of their equipment, in the war against fire, is shown on these two pages. At left, an asbestos helmet; opposite, a face-mask of black enamelled tin, and a metal eye-shield lined with rubber, all for dealing with incendiaries.

Still, mercifully, only a possibility is the war against Gas. But in this, too—if it comes—women are trained to play a vital part. The girl photographed on the opposite page (below, centre) wears the official uniform of the Decontamination Squad. And a gas-mask is always ready at every Englishwoman's bedside, along with candle and matches, torch, Thermos flask, ear-plugs, thick shoes and socks, and a "siren suit"—a warm outfit to wear to the shelter.

For, in this war against Fire, Gas, and Explosion, every woman—whether she belongs to one of the Women's Auxiliary Services or not—is a fighter. Every housewife must keep her roof clear of inflammable materials; must know how to operate a stirrup-pump; must attend lectures on gas defense; must keep her house always stocked with sand-buckets, water-buckets, shovels, and pumps for fire-bombs, and with tinned foods, oil lamp, first-aid material, biscuits and chocolate, and a suitcase full of good warm clothes ready for instant departure.

Children

New Canaan
Mounted Troopers
from six years
to sixteen years

SKIP SELF, THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD FLAG-BEARER OF THE TROOP

STUNT JUMPING, TROOP'S FAVOURITE SPORT

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDERS

on Horseback —

HERE are the New Canaan Mounted Troopers, their ages ranging from six to sixteen—their equestrian standards very high and serious. In these photographs, taken at their annual gymkhana, at New Canaan, Connecticut, we show them at ease, in cavalry drill, and taking trick jumps, which they love—hurtling fences bareback with a full, or almost-full, glass of water in one hand.

Started two years ago by Margaret Cabell Self (Captain Self to the hundred and ten boy and girl members), this troop is one of the five units of the Junior Cavalry of America, a national organization of young riders who feel at home, any time, at any place, on any horse. Its aim has always been to train the young in sportsmanship, discipline, and self-reliance.

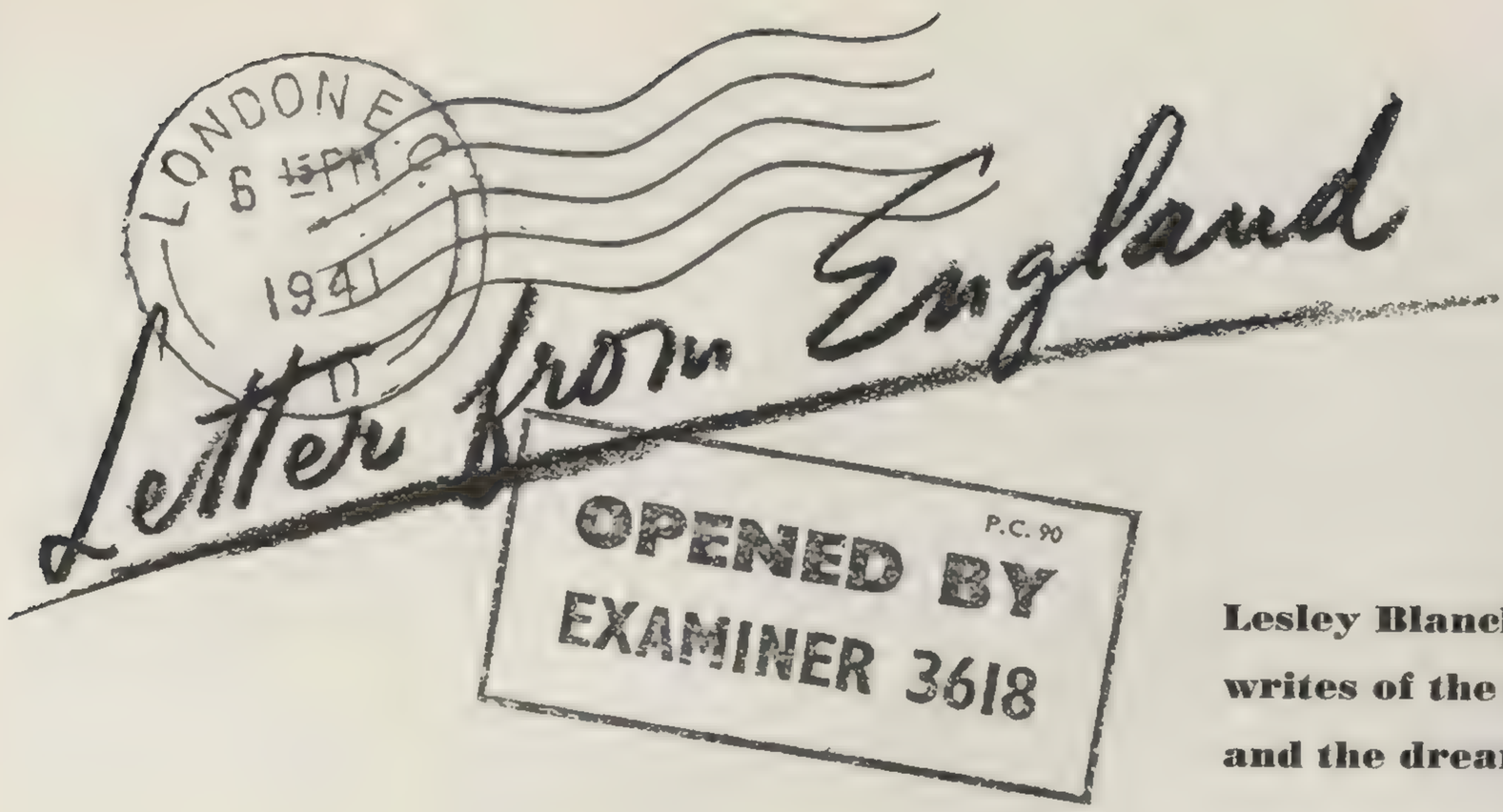
ROTHSCHILD

JUNIOR CADETS "AT EASE" DURING AN INSPECTION

GIRLS' TROOP AT EVENING INSPECTION

ON REVIEW—SENIOR BOYS IN A CLOUD OF DUST

"CAPTAIN" SELF AND ARMY LIEUTENANT



Lesley Blanch, an editor of British Vogue, writes of the work, the dust, and the dreams, of life in England now

I'M not going to write about the war—it's been a trying winter—very cold, very different from any others before—full of violent happenings and adjustments—but strengthened by a growing, enormous sense of unity—and heartened by Roosevelt's words and actions, Greek bravery, and Yugoslav resistance.

Of France, to which I am deeply attached, I try not to think. Nostalgically, my mind runs back over past days there...to the gay, painted shutters—lilacs in bloom in the Garden Luxembourg; the arcades of the Place des Vosges; Pernod on a café table; the smell of rabbit, coming from a *bistro* in Perpignan; gardens in Normandy; a storm in Provence; the elegance of Aix...Paris, Paris, Paris, *Paris*...I know Mrs. Chase will understand that feeling, too.

Here, small preoccupations dominate bigger events. Bombs crash, craters appear overnight, a rescue squad speeds through the streets while the sirens scream warning of yet another raid—but most people are more concerned with such problems as where to find cheese, or onions, or some such extra with which to doll-up the potato, macaroni, and rice dishes which we eat in plenty these days. Food is ample—but simple. All the vegetables you require, and over—but a total absence of citrus fruit. I long for oranges with an almost pregnant craving now. We raffled the ham you sent to London Vogue. I won a *heavenly* exotic pink chunk, which we cooked in treacle, and ate in ecstasy.

"St. Paul's as even Wren never saw it..."

Since the big, city fire blitz, the London sky-line has altered considerably. I find myself looking, vaguely, even unconsciously for a certain spire or clock-tower that vanished overnight. Now, from some of the remaining alleys and courts running down to the river, you can see St. Paul's in splendour—dominant, lonely, and as even Wren never saw it. Certain areas are like charred fields. A friend, who is one of the special fire-watchers of St. Paul's, tells me that it's the most impressive experience, at dead of night, to roam the great, black, silent building, with its Piranesi-like perspectives, lit faintly by starlight, with flickers of gun-fire...waiting, watching while the battle rages.

And how the battle rages, some nights! New guns are deafening and thunder out, rocking the place. Mostly I sleep through it, wherever I am—even through the bomb which came down into a field near where I was week-ending and left a crater forty feet across and the pathetic corpses of four little black-faced lambs on the other side of the field, killed by the blast. A massacre of the innocents. Recently, coming home from a rather raffish cocktail party at the Dorchester, I was caught in a lively blitz and tried to make it, in lulls, by private car. Twice we had to leave the car and nip into shelters. Once, with big stuff tearing and ripping overhead, we found ourselves obeying a common impulse, flinging ourselves flat on the ground in a doorway.

"One of those pin-pricks of war..."

When we got up (it was near Prunier's), I saw that the others who had been our companions were a lady of the night, fox furs and all, two Polish airmen, and a man from the B.B.C., whom I knew slightly. We dusted ourselves down and bowed rather formally, and we went our ways. The Poles saluted; the tart had the tact not to talk business; the man from the B.B.C. said, "Well, I must be getting along"...I was frantically searching for a little crystal snuff-box in which I keep my saccharin tablets—but it had rolled away, and, as I had no torch and one mustn't strike matches, it was lost. One of those pin-pricks of war which, oddly enough, one remembers long after the bombs.

The radio has been broadcasting Bach's St. Matthew's Passion music; the lovely church with baroque pillars in Soho where this oratorio was traditionally sung each Lent is now a crumbled ruin. We need such great music these great days. I wish the B.B.C. would realize that and lay off some of their folderol flippancies designed to cheer and entertain tepid morons, rather than real people—as we have had to become.

In such a time, half-measures have gone. We see more clearly and feel more directly, more simply. Things are black or white, sad or gay, good or bad. And when I say

we need more classical music, I think that even applies to those tough workers, soldiers, munitions men, et cetera, who are always supposed to prefer trash. I don't believe it. They are too big a people not to want the best—the real. By that, I don't mean only Beethoven—let's have the real, robust, vulgar music-hall—the idiom of the people—, but let's have the real thing, whatever it is—black or white—no more of that refined, yet uncultivated nonsense, anemic stuff about mock emotions, full moons, and roses. We are living real robust life, now, the life of our ancestors comes nearer, day by day—life and death seen so close, they aren't any longer kept just out of sight politely by a screen of artificialities.

"Bombing has been brisk..."

I have been staying with Constance Spry, and to-day it struck me that you might be interested to hear something of how the war is affecting her and the tempo of her life in her enchanting country house. With a few alterations, her life is more or less typical.

First of all, naturally, such a business as hers can not flourish as it did in peacetime. Most of her orders are now for weddings, people who are ill, baby cases, et cetera. There are no parties, and few people can think of having anything showy in the way of flowers in the house. Most of her wonderful flower-garden is under vegetable cultivation now. She spends much of her time down here, working on the land, and very much enjoys cooking, which, of course, she does to perfection, even on rations.

The lovely old red brick house looks much the same. From the bedroom windows hang great, thick, caterpillar-like ropes, for fire emergency. In this part of the world—"The Garden of England"—all fruit blossom, and rolling, open country, the bombing has been brisk, for it lies on the direct path between German air-fields and London. Shav Spry, her husband, is a Home Guard, and out, khaki-clad, patrolling, most nights. All the household take it in turns to fire-watch, in shifts, patrolling the countryside at all hours, all weathers.

Last night, while we were still sitting over our coffee (and no sugar), Shav had to go on duty, returning in the small hours, while Constance went up to bed very early, tennish, as she had to be up and out for her spell of patrol at 2 A.M. till 6 A.M. I need hardly say that she is the height of efficiency at this, too, and in some of the attacks, which have peppered the countryside, indiscriminately, she and Shav have worked side by side, dodging shrapnel, putting out fires, reporting unexploded bombs, and the like.... During the last six months, we all seem to have lived through times so fantastic, so violent and strange, that they can not be described, or even believed, by us, who are in the middle of it all.

"Mobile Bath Unit"

Her big white drawing-room has been made into the shelter-room—we still sit there, all the time, but great, heavy shutters are clamped over the windows at night, and the proportions of the room are sadly spoiled by six stout timber braces which shore up the ceilings and stand there, like horrid, sentinel pillars, ill proportioned but timely.

Valmar Piwey, her chief assistant and one of the household, now runs a Mobile Bath Unit, the first of its kind, which goes around the blitzed areas, hooks up to a water-main, and, in twenty minutes from the word go, has boiling hot baths, soap, towels, and all the paraphernalia of cleanliness in full swing. You can imagine how such a service is needed, among homeless, shelter-populations, covered in the dust and soot and grit of the bombed streets. Oh! that dust. It gets everywhere; one is always dirty, always gritty. It penetrates the pores of your skin, *maquillage* or no. It gets down under your nails, into your scalp, your nose, throat, and eyes—above all, into your eyes. You walk along a comparatively unharmed street, and suddenly a gust of annoying wind hurls London demolition dust all over you, and you are blinded and shabby.

One hears *fantastic* stories. One friend of mine was in bed in a top flat and heard the worst bombs imaginable exploding all around; so, while waiting for the end, he placed a pillow over his face. Then everything seemed to go up at once, and, when he ventured to peep around the pillow to see what the next world was like, he found he was still in this one—still in bed, for that matter, with a splendid view of the whole battle. The south wall had gone, and his bedside lamp was still burning brightly, shining out, to contravene all the blackout regulations!

"Molotov bread baskets"

I was staying, not long ago, in another peaceful county, far from here, but not unnoticed by the enemy planes. You can not imagine the extraordinary, macabre effect of a still night, starlit and soft...and then, suddenly, power-diving planes; the blaze and crack of anti-aircraft fire; the theatrical, fireworks effect of "Molotov bread baskets" bouncing, flaming, among the orchards; the pale, clear blue glare of descending flares, incendiaries, sizzling distinctly, smoke, the rush of high explosives, and the dull, crumpling thump of a bomb, blasting into a field, not far away.

We aren't eating many imported foods. We get up earlier, go to bed earlier (unless we are on night-shifts). We realize, each of us, what we want to salvage from the mess that was our way of living. Some of us want to work to keep the family going, the texture of normality—some want to have their books; others, their pets; others, their loved ones and friends around them; others, their gardens, now vegetable-stocked. Each one has realized that there's no more time for more than *one* indulgence or interest—if that; and that one must be the *real* thing. No polite hobby. I think we all realize that whatever comes out of the battle, our future way of life must be simpler, with more fundamental values and *no chichi*. All this probably sounds very dull and stuffy to you—but I assure you it's the general impulse here—not to hark back to the good old days so much as to look forward to the brave, new ones we are struggling for now.

Grandmothers

**Four distinguished American women—
a decorator of embassies,
a political and defense organizer,
an explorer, a fashion expert—
interesting, active, interested**

Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins

World-wide interior decorator and grandmother of three, she decorates United States Embassies and Legations everywhere—the first woman decorator of Government buildings abroad. She has a lovely voice and, at Washington parties, often sings the songs of her native Argentina. The widow of our late Minister to Canada, she practised for her profession by moving into thirty-five houses during her husband's diplomatic career

Mrs. Ogden L. Mills

Strenuous and capable organizer, grandmother of five, she has been active in politics ever since 1932, when her late husband was Secretary of the Treasury. She runs three great houses, has a fine-boned beauty. In the 1940 campaign, as a Chairman of the United Republican Finance Committee, she made her Women's Division a record-breaking, above-quota success. Now, she is an active organizer of the U. S. O.

HORST

with a Career

Mrs. Charles Suydam Cutting

Spirited explorer and step-grandmother of thirteen, she was the first woman invited to visit in the holy city of Lhasa, in Tibet. She collaborated with her husband on his book, "The Fire Ox and Other Years." This includes the story of her garden-party for the children of Lhasa, when she startled the nobles of Tibet with a fleet of French mechanical mice. She is shown here wearing some of her fabulous Indian jewellery—a necklace of uncut emeralds from Jaipur

Mrs. Rockhill Brevoort Potts

Unerring fashion expert and grandmother of one, she has been on the staff of Hattie Carnegie for many years. She is famous for her own chic, and for her instantaneous, dead-eye ability to pick the right clothes for others. Tall, white-haired, with beautiful dark eyes and a gay, dashing manner, she started her career years ago, when she used to go regularly to Paris and bring back clothes for her friends at home. Her success turned a flair into a profession

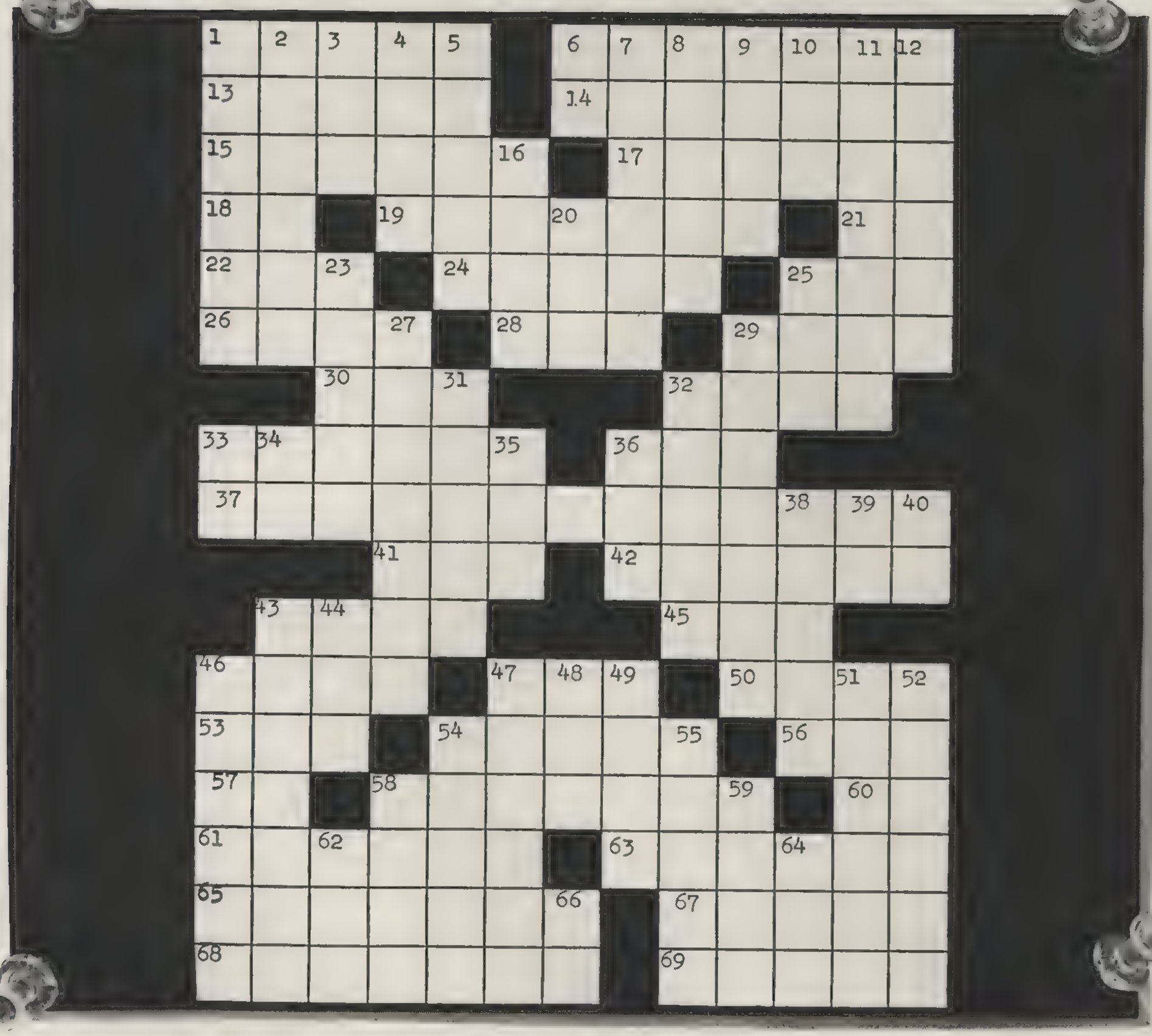
FASHION CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Vertical

1. All is this, but this is not all
2. Shakespearian heroine
3. Your engagement ring has one. If you're lucky, your maid is one
4. A city
5. Fancy cases for carrying small articles
6. Fort (abbr.)
7. Some Turkish sultans were called this
8. Fish-net, used as fish net
9. They're tops for hair-dos
10. That same Japanese statesman
11. A species of bunting, sometimes eaten
12. Its eye won't admit a camel
16. You might find this in a quiet garden—or in a prize-fight ring
20. A large member of the parrot family
23. Taffeta has it
25. Southern constellation
27. Liquid beauty potions
29. Shortest distance between two flowers
31. Last tides of the lunar months
32. Like a Horatio Alger character, it always rises to the top
33. To be
34. A rather warm state (abbr.)
35. This is the end
36. You know what you like, but are you sure you understand this?
38. Ill-tempered Andean quadruped
39. Jupiter loved her; Juno changed her
40. Why Jr. gets that awful name
43. Garbo's eyes have it
44. She'll never admit it
46. A cow, an Isle, a favourite fabric
47. Cylindrical or slightly tapering
48. A sewing cotton
49. Lyric poems
51. A rich god who helps to buy your clothes
52. Burning, sometimes without flame
54. One of the quintuplets
55. This usually comes along with a delusion
58. A small, sly, dark fellow, but too valuable for his own peace of mind
59. High-cheek-boned type
62. A metal
64. Old-fashioned, but sailors say it
66. A prefix in escape, a suffix in escapes

Horizontal

1. You have it in your hand
6. We call it a pendulum. Ladies call it fun. Elizabeth Hawes called it a vegetable
13. Wide-awake
14. All the world's a stage, but you find the best actors here
15. A stylized halo
17. Mexican dance
18. Tea-time in ancient Rome
19. If you don't wear nylons, we trust that you do have some of these



21. In the Army, when you're not off-duty, you are this (abbr.)
22. The answer to the question, "Is shantung your true friend?"
24. Mat-finished leather
25. Completely inclusive
26. A vessel (also Southern phrase)
28. Vapourish element
29. What goes with a bonny bank
30. Smash an atom if you can. This is what you'll get for your trouble
32. If you live on Ceos, you're one
33. Ballet dancers have strong ones
36. To be (pl.)
37. Whose scent is apt to Shock you?
41. A Roman goddess, worshipped by crossword puzzlers
42. He kneels to a dummy, but perfection is what he really worships
43. A captain does it to a boat
45. That same Greek coin (abbr.)
46. Sprees
47. Also
50. A Jane Austen heroine
53. East-Southeast, by compass
54. A woman does it with a needle
56. A Swiss river
57. Angels of Mercy (abbr.)
58. They often wind up as stoles
60. To bedside manner trained (abbr.)
61. Wit, with malice towards some
63. Spiced sausage (singular)
65. Emerald-green copper arsenate
67. An important synthetic
68. New England is full of them
69. This may be blessed

Solution of Vogue's Crossword Puzzle on page 78

HORST

Irene Dunne

Now holidaying between movies, the latest of which is "Penny Serenade," Irene Dunne (in private life, Mrs. Francis Griffin) posed for Vogue, wearing this brand-new hat. It's as perfect for now as for later—a black satin sailor, tiny-brimmed, with ciré satin ribbons, delicately pleated black lace. Henri Bendel

Speaking of Fashion...

Shakespeare and Marcel Proust,
Ben Jonson, Swift, and Thoreau—
all worried about clothes

"I never doubted that the garments of these ladies of fashion were peculiar to themselves, as plumage is peculiar to a bird, and which as well as being a heightening of its beauty, is an extension of its body. The toilet of these ladies seems to me like a materialization of their internal activity."
Marcel Proust, "The Guermantes Way"

"Out of clothes, out of countenance;
out of countenance, out of wit."
Ben Jonson

"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known them to rise and fall within thirty degrees."
Addison

"He is best dressed whose dress no one observes."
Anthony Trollope

"The only medicine which does women more good than harm, is dress...."
Jean Paul Richter

"Hats and gowns...
the terrible weapons of feminine artillery."
Stendahl, Marie-Henri, "Rouge et Noir"

"He is only fantastical that is not in the fashion."
Robert Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy"

"She wears her clothes
As if they were thrown on with a pitchfork."
Jonathan Swift, "Polite Conversation"

"I have fed your lar with poppies,
I have adored you for three full years;
And now you grumble because your dress does not fit
And because I happen to say so."
Ezra Pound, "Ladies"

"In the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice."
Charles Lamb

"Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again."
Beaumont and Fletcher, "Prologue to a Noble Gentleman"

"I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man." *Shakespeare, "Much Ado About Nothing"*

"Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes."
Henry David Thoreau, "Economy"

"Any man may be in good temper and good spirits when he's well dressed. There ain't much credit in that."
Charles Dickens, "Martin Chuzzlewit"

"She hazards jet; wears tiger lilies;—
And bolts herself within a jewelled belt.
Surely she must have felt."
Hart Crane, "Modern Craft"

"The hat is the *ultimatum moriens* of respectability."
Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy
but not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."
Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act I Scene 3

"To a woman, the consciousness of being well-dressed gives a sense of tranquility which religion fails to bestow."
Mrs. Helen Bell (quoted in Emerson's Letters)

London hats... British themes

Designs inspired by Prime Minister Churchill, The Court of Saint James's, and Highland tartans

Winston Churchill's hats—from his boyhood caps to his present-day bowler—inspired the hats in Aage Thaarup's collection. Above, a bowler of long-haired greenish black plush, with a wide, mannish side bow

LEE MILLER

Authentic tartan plaids make many of Hugh Beresford's new hats. This tilted one is of an Elliott tartan with the rightful clan badge tacked on its small, turned-up-in-back brim

Based on hats worn through the centuries at the Court of Saint James's is the current collection at Pissot and Pavy's. This Cardinal Wolsey beret is of red and black velvet, edged with black pompons

HORST

"Something British"

British tweeds, like the British spirit, weather all times. All the traditional fine tailoring, fine fabric, is in this Jaeger suit—blue tweed jacket; collar and skirt in blue-and-taupe checks. $95. Imported by Bergdorf Goodman

From Now Until

For the first cool August days;
for all the cool days thereafter —
dark dresses with new lines:
slimmer waists, fuller hips

To accentuate (or imitate) hips —oh, certainly, hips...to make your waist fade away almost to nothing: full skirt with a bodice that's surplice in back and front. Of brown Celanese rayon jersey; belt of tiny mirrors; $25. Russeks

Encore—the slim-waist, fuller-hip look. This time via a widely-pleated skirt in cocoa-brown, a soft bodice in black. It's immaculate and cool now with the simplest of brown accessories. For autumn, you'll wear it under fur or cloth coat. Of rayon crêpe; $25. Milgrim

October

Hips...very definitely...prophetic of one important new silhouette. Peg-top skirt to contrast with the rib-hugging bodice, gives you a sliver of a waist. Try this black Enka rayon crêpe dress with sheer black stockings, bright hat. $39.95. Bonwit Teller

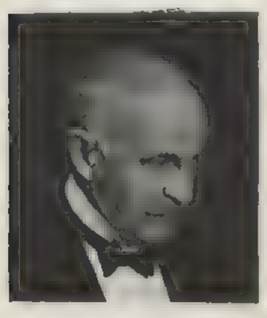
Above: Peplum (peplums everywhere for now and autumn) on a slimmest-of-slim dress of black rayon crêpe. It's dark satisfaction for that midsummer urge for Something New and Different. It's dark perfection for first September days back in town. $29.95. From Best

New for now and later. New fabric —paper-thin black silk satin, dull of finish. (There's a revival of satin under way.) New silhouette: fitted bodice, full skirt. (There's a revival of hips, too.) $29.95. At Lord and Taylor; I. Magnin

And what's more . . .

Some one-minute biographies—some half-minute news items—in an issue clocked at 3½ hours, some 6-odd minutes of miscellany

Dinner Guest. He has attended thousands of dinner-parties in his night, has our Mr. Crowninshield, and the Terrible Hostesses he immortalizes on page 29 are all composite characters—imaginatively yclept. Speaking of names, by the way, reminds us: once he met a lady whose place-card read: *Cholmondeley*. Said she: "It's pronounced *Chumley*." Mr. Crowninshield indicated his own card, and said, with equal hauteur, "Pronounced *Cruller*."



Lady from Australia. Mme. Lydia Tritton Kerensky, who tells you all about Australia on page 55, was born and educated there, and was once its youngest woman editor. She is now the wife of Alexander Kerensky, head of the Russian Government in 1917. They fled Paris last year the day it fell, sailed on the last boat to leave France, live now in America, where he lectures.

Hot Cross Words. Married to one N. Y. publisher—John Farrar—Margaret Petherbridge brought fortune to another—Simon and Schuster. Her crossword puzzle books were their first big money-makers. All of her books...the fifty-first one has just been published...were written in collaboration with F. Gregory Hartswick and Prosper Buranelli. But the fashion crossword puzzle on pages 68, 69 she composed single-handed for us. The Farrars and their three children live in Ossining.

Vogue, Pan-American. The photograph above was taken at one of Vogue's bi-weekly short-wave broadcasts to Latin America. At the left, is Mrs. Hugh McL. Fenwick; at the right, Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes; both are Associate Editors of Vogue. Centre, their guest, Mrs. Katherine Bensabat, director of Bonwit Teller's Pan-American Fashion Service. These broadcasts were started on February 12, as a part of the nation-wide program to develop closer cultural relationships between the republics of North and South America. Like Vogue itself, the programs cover such subjects as fashion, art, theatre, cinema, travel, and decoration.

Story Behind a Picture. From Alice Stephena Lee in Chicago, Vogue received this heart-warming letter:

"The photograph by Gertrude Käsebier which you published on page 25 (June 15 issue), entitled 'Mother and Child'—is my Mother, Agnes Lee, the poet, and my sister, Peggy, when she was seven.

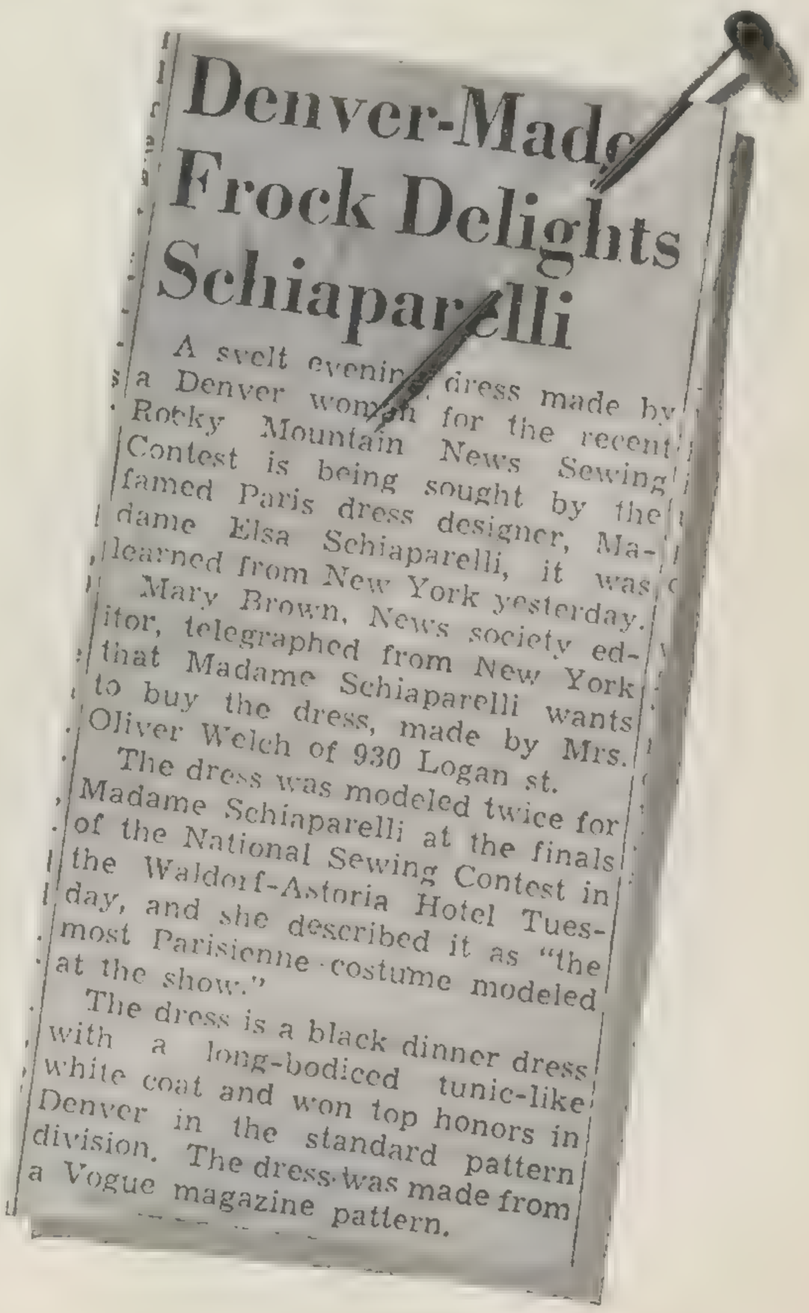
"Gertrude Käsebier was one of Mother's dearest friends. She was visiting her at Jamaica Plain, Mass. One morning, Miss Käsebier was trying to adjust her camera in the hall. She called my father to come and help her. In the meantime, Mother was talking to Peggy in the doorway of the nursery across the hall. Father came. He saw the whole picture. Putting up his hand, he told them not to move an inch.... In a few minutes, Miss Käsebier was up-stairs busily developing this picture. The original title was 'Blessed Art Thou amongst Women.'

"It is a compliment to me to see this picture published in Vogue—indeed!"

Painter-Subject. Lucille Corcos appears twice in her own painting of a Bucks County Auction (page 36). You see her once (in this same uncharitable version) standing inside the barn with her baby son, David; and again, leaning over the back fence. Her husband, Edgar Levy, is in it, too, his back to the beholder. This is the third of Miss Corcos' pictures to appear in Vogue. The other two were in egg tempora; this is a gouache. Her "Afternoon at the Zoo"—owned by the Whitney Museum—is now being shown throughout South America.

Success Story. That white slacks suit you saw on our May 1 cover reposes now in many famous closets...in, among others, Joan Crawford's.

Upset. A Lisbon reader asks that Vogue be sent "with the greatest speed... it arrives in Lisbon with so much delay and causes me incalculable upset."



Denver-Made Frock Delights Schiaparelli

A svelt evening dress made by a Denver woman for the recent Rocky Mountain News Sewing Contest is being sought by the famed Paris dress designer, Madame Elsa Schiaparelli, it was learned from New York yesterday. Mary Brown, News society editor, telegraphed from New York that Madame Schiaparelli wants to buy the dress, made by Mrs. Oliver Welch of 930 Logan st.

The dress was modeled twice for Madame Schiaparelli at the finals of the National Sewing Contest in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Tuesday, and she described it as "the most Parisienne costume modeled at the show."

The dress is a black dinner dress with a long-bodiced tunic-like white coat and won top honors in Denver in the standard pattern division. The dress was made from a Vogue magazine pattern.

SOME TERRIBLE HOSTESSES

(Continued from page 29)

quite secondary order: lesser poets, minor cellists, passé actresses, East Indian dancers (hailing inevitably from the Middle West), performers on the light organ; and the more arty sort of lecturers on art.

Her women guests always have three names. There is Fay Darlington Feininger (harpist); Marie-Bell Pringle (children's bird classes); Nannette Carruthers Carteret (Hopi sand paintings); Marya Monica Labouisse (Louisiana folk-songs); Bonnie Gray Glover (the female Dale Carnegie); and so on, ad infinitum. The men, negligible in number, are utterly forlorn husbands who have been brought in on a leash.

Everybody is introduced—sometimes twice. The ritual does not vary. "And this is Daphne Dangerfield Dodge; author of 'Harmonious Hormones', and this, as you already know, my dear, is Donald Vanderwinter Duer, who lectures so divinely on Byzantine Mosaics, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Sex Customs Among the Bushmen."

Mrs. Hart's reception, to-day, is in honour of Purushhotan Pantanjali, her personal Swami. His is the dark figure, hugging the buffet. He is dressed in a grey nightgown, white cummerbund, and yellow silk turban. Note his wealth of art jewellery, set in hardware. The hostess herself is dressed in a loose black sack, unadorned save for a cameo brooch and a pair of eyeglasses on an invisible pulley.

Mrs. Hart's husband—the proprietor of a successful depilatory—never appears at her receptions.

5. Mrs. Ogden R. Winthrop has, during the twenty years of her widowhood, been the admired and greatly respected Dalai Lama of New York society. In her marble, but, at times, mournful, mansion on Park Avenue, the guests invariably include a generous sprinkling of titles: Archdukes, Grand Duchesses, foreign plenipotentiaries, and, here and there, a humble Baronet. Though all are listed in *Debrett*, and all expect the proper obeisances, they remain figures of the Madame Tussaud order; grand, gloomy, bearded and superior.

At Mrs. Winthrop's more exalted dinners, you will still be offered two soups, two meats, two desserts, and five liqueurs. But her Baltimore Madeiras, her ormolu bonbon dishes, silver hot-water plates—for the canvasbacks—Worcester *sorbet* cups, and Georgian epergnes are, alas, finishing their days in the vaults of her mansion; sad reminders of a richer and a happier day.

6. Beryl Morgan is twenty; her mother dead; her father rich. At his expense, and in his duplex apartment on Madison Avenue (but only in his absence) she entertains the younger talent of the day. At her buffet dinners, you will find the up-and-coming boys and girls of the town, to whom she feeds clam chowder, chicken casserole, cold meats, (Continued on page 78)

DISCOVERIES IN BEAUTY

You're vacation-bound, and your shorts, your slacks, your bathing-suits lie ready and waiting to be packed off to the Coast, a dude ranch, or your favourite place in Maine.... Here are a few cosmetic requisites that are bound to fit into your plans, no matter where you're going or what you're going to do.

Daggett and Ramsdell introduces a travelling kit, complete and compact, that's no bigger in size than an ordinary pocket-book. It has everything from hand lotion to make-up, and there's plenty of room left over for your nightgown and nets, tooth-brush and tissues. (Gimbel's)

Cool, green as a cucumber is Lenthéric's frosty, fragrant "Eau de Cologne Iceberg." In a clear, fluted bottle, it's designed to keep you fresh and cool even under a melting sun. (Lord and Taylor)

A cleansing cream that is light in texture, but soothing to drying skin is a veritable "must" on the summer traveller's list. The house of Tussy has made one and calls it "Vacation Cleansing Cream." Creamy, quickly liquefying, it leaves the skin with a refreshing, tingling sensation. (Bloomingdale's)

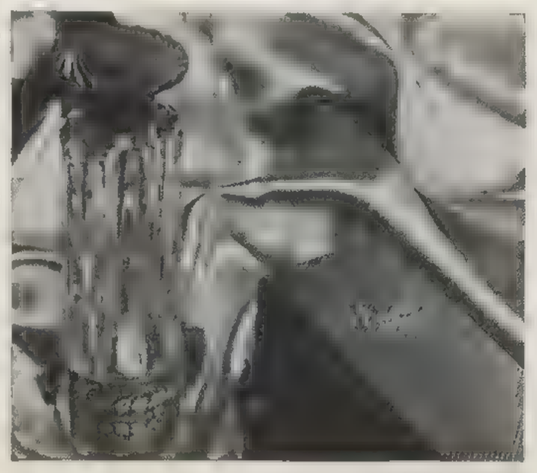
Here's news! Elizabeth Arden introduces "Sleek," a depilatory with a frankly pleasant odour that promises to leave your summer extremities free from unwanted hair.... Also from Arden: "Filmofoam," paper-thin, scented soap disks to carry in your purse. (Both are from Altman)

Just in celebration for your long-awaited holiday, just to provide your spirits with an extra lift, treat yourself to a whole new series of make-up and bath essentials—for instance, Jacqueline Cochran's "Merry-Go-Round." The lipstick and rouge are a brilliant red, for blond or brunette skins. (From Jay-Thorpe)

After a hard game of tennis and "another set coming up" prevents you from ducking into the nearest shower, you'll want something that will quickly whisk away the excess moisture from your face. Marin's Beauty Tissues, especially intended for oily or perspiring skins, are so absorbent you need only blot the moisture off, not rub—and your make-up remains intact. The box of four hundred sheets contains a transparent carrying envelope. (Bonwit Teller)

A parting fillip to make you more welcome than ever on your next visit! Your hostess would love to be remembered with something as sweet-smelling as Richard Hudnut's "Yanky Clover Perfume." The little rose flower-pots in which the perfume is put up are so attractive in their own right that she'll want to use them in her guest-rooms or as favours on her luncheon tables. (Bloomingdale's)

En route, for whole manicures or quick flick-of-a-brush repairs, you'll want the Cutex set, "Two Step." It includes polish, remover, and cotton, and will fit neatly into the smallest suitcase corner. (Gimbel's)



Corday presents "Eau de Tzigane," a light, though exotic scent. Take it with you because it's gay and romantic—because the bottle is practical for travelling with a screw cap that prevents evaporation. (Saks-Fifth Avenue)

VOGUE STUDIOS

SOME TERRIBLE HOSTESSES

(Continued from page 77)

salad, smoked cheese, and Turkish coffee.

The boys work for broadcasting companies, advertising agencies, newspaper syndicates, publicity agents, and illustrated magazines. Some of the girls hold down jobs in the Fifth Avenue shops, or on the smarter periodicals of fashion. The conversation at Beryl's is carried on in clipped phrases: a kind of glorified doubletalk which is intelligible only to the initiated. The ritual at her parties includes a few rounds of cocktails; some incendiary conversation from the young firebrand on the staff of PM; a speech, with gesticulations, by a boy in wine; discussions about love; guesses as to who was seen where, with whom, and why; attempts to telephone pretty nearly anybody; a demand for brandy; some imitations by the cut-up of the evening; arguments as to where to go from here; and, inevitably, phonograph records by Duke Ellington, Xavier Cugat, Count Basie, Tommy Dorsey, and, it need not be said, Benny Goodman.

Wit—if recondite and esoteric in quality—plays an important rôle at Beryl's assemblies. For example—Girl: "I'm going to *make* you dance with me at the Stork Club to-night." He: "I wouldn't dance with you if I had fallen arches." And then, the maiden's quick riposte: "I always thought you *had*."

7. Mrs. Simonson Prince is a gourmet. She will tell you so, herself—usually, with emphasis. At her house, on East End Avenue, you will be expected to take the food with a great degree of seriousness. She and her husband are initiates in all the secret arts of cooking and gastronomy. They are members of three Food and Wine societies, write articles for the magazine—"Gourmet," and have twice toured the smarter French vineyards.

Their patter is invariably carried on in French. Your soup may either be a *potage* or a *pot-au-feu*, but it can never be a *soup*. Mrs. Prince's string-beans are always *haricots verts*; her peas, *petits pois*. Rice, at her table, is pronounced *ree*. Mr. Prince himself will certainly ask your opinion of the *bifteck*. To make matters worse, he will, during dinner, journey to the *cave*, returning from it with dirty bottles, covered with revolting cobwebs.

8. Deirdre Condon lives in Greenwich Village. A supper in her combined office and living-room, on Horatio Street, is really an intriguing adventure. Aside from the tendency, among her feminine guests, to wear huaraches, thumb rings, dungarees, and denim trousers, they seem women of great intelligence. They are, one and all, apparently under Deirdre's influence. The males, who wear the open, or hero, type of plaid shirt, have apparently resigned themselves to sofa pillows as substitutes for chairs. They, too, are blessed with active minds. But, like the women, they appear to be victims of Deirdre's fatal spell.

In their various vocations the men paint murals, sell out-of-print books, work in ceramics, keep little art galleries, write pieces for the radical weeklies, and cut linoleum blocks. They like the abstract order of painting and the newer type of Surrealistic art. Dali, they will tell you, is old-hat. So, also, in other fields, are Orson Welles, Dorothy Thompson, Paul Draper, Stirling Hayden, and Ernest Hemingway.

Deirdre's circle will inform you that she is musical, well read, travelled, highly magnetized, and a master of five Slavic languages.

But what they will not tell you (and what you will learn only at Washington) is that she is an active agent of the Communist party and so important a figure in its councils that Joseph Stalin is but a tool in her pretty hands.

SOLUTION OF VOGUE'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

on pages 68 and 69

V	O	G	U	E		F	A	S	H	I	O	N
A	L	E	R	T		T	H	E	A	T	R	E
N	I	M	B	U	S		M	I	T	O	T	E
I	V		S	I	L	K	E	N	S		O	D
T	I	S		S	U	E	D	E		A	L	L
Y	A	W	L		G	A	S		B	R	A	E
		I	O	N				C	E	A	N	
I	N	S	T	E	P		A	R	E			
S	C	H	I	A	P	A	R	E	L	L	I	S
			O	P	S		T	A	I	L	O	R
	M	A	N	S				M	N	A		
J	A	G	S		T	O	O		E	M	M	A
E	S	E		M	E	N	D	S		A	A	R
R	C		M	A	R	T	E	N	S		M	D
S	A	T	I	R	E		S	A	L	A	M	E
E	R	I	N	I	T	E		R	A	Y	O	N
Y	A	N	K	E	E	S		E	V	E	N	T

AUSTRALIA

(Continued from page 55)

to the maternity hospital in Mackay.

These stories are typical of one side of station life, but it has always had its gayer side, too. The station owners and their families all go to the big coast cities—to Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane—for the international football and tennis games, for polo matches and racing. And in the country itself, on the biggest stations, are held the great events of the year—the Picnic Races. These are huge meetings, rather like the English point-to-point race-meetings, but in Australia they draw on a continent instead of a county. The station men ride their own horses. The women wear their best dresses. Guests arrive from the cities—delighted to be asked. These are hectic times of pleasure, with races starting at ten in the morning, and dancing ending the following dawn.

Efficiency Permeates the Plains

These meets have been the high points of amusement in Australian country life for as long as I can remember; and they still are. But there have been changes. One that makes a great difference in country living is that now the District Nurses have fully equipped motor-wagons and can take care of the sick in even the most outlying stations. In the cities now—in Sydney and Melbourne, lookout towers have been built on the beautiful beaches, and people swim without fear of sharks. A bigger and more important change is that now, since the arbitration tribunals have been set up, there are almost no strikes. (When times are good, wages are fixed at the highest level the industries can carry; when they are bad, wages come down.) And now, in this new war, all Australia is becoming more and more industrialized—making armaments, airplanes, and ships.

But nothing has ever changed the violent beauty of the country or the terrible menace that hangs over all central Australia—the drought. The tablelands of the north coast catch the heavy monsoon rains, but inland the country is dependent on the rain. When there is a severe drought, even the great rich coastal towns are without water for many hours a day. The heat becomes stifling, and, in the dry forests on the mountain ranges, the dreaded bush-fires sweep down, and the smoke billows out towards the Pacific. The men go out fighting the bush-fires with wet blankets and, of course, setting other fires to meet them. Round the lonely homesteads everything is cleared by fire and by surface ploughing. The women work hard, reviving the men, who go back again and again to the fight.

We deeply know the meaning of the Old Testament's line, "There ariseth a little cloud, like a man's hand," when the earth is dry and parched, the crops withering, the cattle and sheep moaning and bleating for water, and the sky is a brazen dome overhead. With hand-shielded eyes we watch the horizon for a cloud that might mean rain—we know that we are at the mercy of elemental Nature. Our artesian wells can water the cattle to some extent; but it is only the rain that can water (Continued on page 81)

DECEIVING THE PUBLIC

WHETHER you're having your baby this summer or not until winter—these clothes are for you. Here are two rules. One is to counter-balance: Big hats, boxy jackets, broad shoulders seem to diminish waists. The other is to distract—bright hats or gloves, pretty face—eyes go there first.

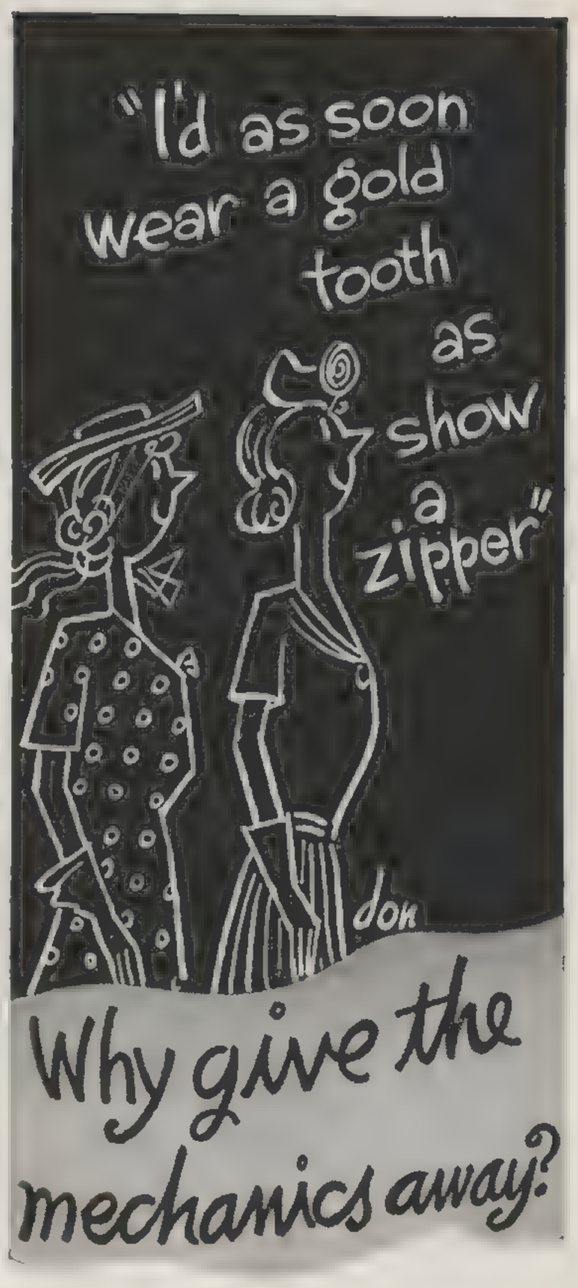
A boxy, balancing jacket; a simply cut evening dress of blue sheer rayon crêpe, front-gathered and adjustable. $29.95. At Franklin Simon; and Marshall Field

If you plan to be at your office almost to the Day—sheer wool-and-rayon suit, white collar. Boxy jacket, full skirt. $25. Lord and Taylor; Marshall Field

You can continue to wear slacks—well-cut, adjustable ones. Blue slacks, yellow shirt (also a skirt) of spun rayon. Under $15 Altman; Marshall Field

The smock—perfection for a mother-to-be. This one is bright-print rayon crêpe; black skirt with low back fullness to balance. $29.95. At Best; Marshall Field

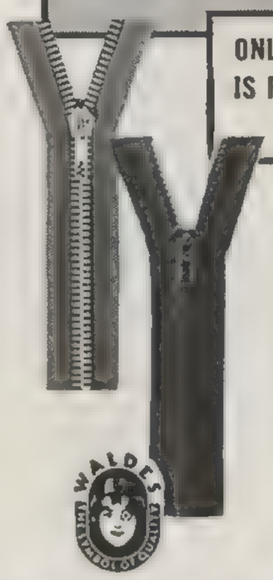
• More appear on page 80



Some things have great utility but still should be worn *sub rosa—and not* as jewelry. That's where Waldes Kover-Zip* steps in. It's *invisible*—different from all other zippers on earth. No exposed metal tracks disturb the sleek lines of your costume. The fabric covering blends into a flat, invisible seam. You are better poised, better groomed with Waldes Kover-Zip, the zipper of finer fashions.

OLD-TYPE ZIPPERS SHOW "TEETH"

ONLY WALDES KOVER-ZIP IS FABRIC-COVERED... INVISIBLE



Waldes Kover-Zip is guaranteed to outlast the life of your garment. Mfd. exclusively by Waldes Koh-I-Noor, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"ZIPPERS SHOULD BE USED BUT NOT SEEN"

ASK FOR Waldes KOVER-ZIP in smart fashions featured by leading stores

Waldes Kover-Zip for HOME SEWING, TOO, at your favorite notion counter in all leading shades and sizes; for every purpose.

BUCKS COUNTY AUCTION

(Continued from page 37)

there" and "Whoa there" sound from the self-appointed observer of order who came to the sale in overalls in the hopes of picking up a little chicken wire. A bell rings solemnly through the yard that used to call the farm-hands to dinner. A deep quiet falls on the gathering. They stand with expectant faces waiting for the Auctioneer to clear his throat. His hat is set jauntily, and he begins with the little stuff, saving the more important objects for the last. Picking up a box, he peers into it and with a voice of authority begins, "Who'll bid sixty cents for this choice assortment? Everything you need right here. Door-knobs, hinges, picture wire, a salt-shaker will shake when the flood comes, am I offered sixty? Fifty?"

He pierces the audience with his glance, and a city man edges nearer. Suppose something rare was hidden in all that mess—an old hinge, a latch, or even one of the famous bootjacks of the prostrate woman? He becomes so nervous he can scarcely be heard. Local people look at him with sympathy and attention. "Forty-five," he says, weakly, his gambling instincts aroused to the breaking-point. "Forty-five," comes the conclusive boom of the Auctioneer, and then, to dramatize it, he clumps the hammer, singing out, "Going, going, gone to Mister...." The city man gives his name and carries off his loot in triumph.

Grandma from the window can see the Auctioneer tackle the old blanket chest. He knows his business and handles it with respect. Grandma remembers the day when the young girls wrote their names inside the sleek wood before she was married. Elizabeth Stahl, Emily Schaeffer. Both dead now. Only the box as able as ever, its lovely barn-red now a faded rose. Cloves strewn inside it guarded against moths, and the faint odour will puzzle the city folks who are buying it for many a day.

The old woman stands quietly, and a neighbour slips inside the kitchen to say a word to console her. The neighbour's cheeks are festively flushed, and she hopes no one saw her little boy help himself to an onion. Ah, it's a good sale, she announces. True, it's the finish of much, but worse than a sale, is no sale at all. Remember poor Mrs. Overholt, who had to step out of this world with never a sale to her name, dying of diphtheria, a terrible catching thing, so that no one would touch her belongings?

The customers are circling around the yard now. The chairs are gone; the cherry table is being hoisted behind a station-wagon. A woman has discovered an old gourd, scooped out perhaps before Washington crossed the Delaware, burnished now to the shine of old walnut. Countless generations drank water from the well at its lips; a knife slipped as it was being made, and the slit was carefully mended with darning-thread, now hardened like old lace. Someone has found Grandpa's old books with their Lutheran hymnals, Edward's *History of Redemption*, and, covered with mould, *The Long Lost Friend*, bible of the hex doctors. For such a book, published in 1820, two young boys once murdered a "hexer" near York, hoping to find a recipe for protecting their stricken cattle.

Grandma watches the people bustling off with their loot. There is a woman exclaiming over the little brass wheel that used to cut the pie tops and made the handsome crinkles. Oh, you'll never know, stranger, what pies were made by the help of that simple tool, or how they steamed from out the Dutch oven, or how deep and rich they were in good solid pie-plates with the lovely pictures on them that were a joy to watch as the disappearing pie revealed them. There goes the dove that used to stand above Grandma's marriage-bed. Her granddaughter is babbling with excitement that it brought six whole dollars, and Grandma remembers very well that it never cost a cent over a quarter of a dollar.

The relics are departing now; she was right, they *were* precious. Now it is too late. To think her mother's christening certificate will hang on a proud wall to-night; it was a big car that carried off the green and blue angels with their long, painted trumpets and her mother's name and christening date written in pretty letters of red and green ink.

Key to the Picture Game

(Turn back to pages 30 and 31)

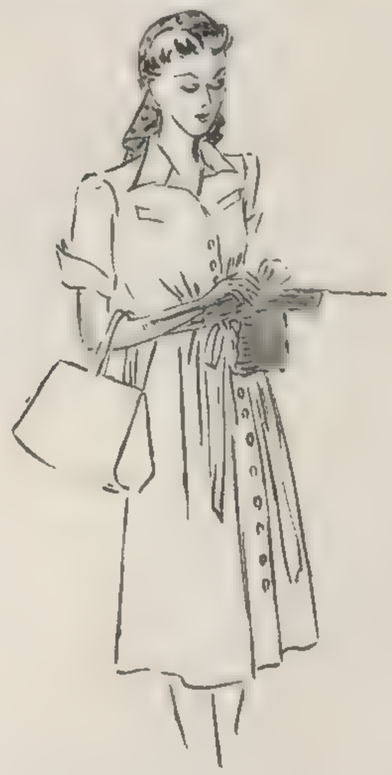
1. Libby Holman, singer
2. Ed Wynn, comedian
3. Elsa Maxwell, famous party-giver
4. Ina Claire, actress
5. Leonore Ulric, actress
6. Irene Bordoni, actress
7. Maurice Evans, actor
8. Buick, 1925 model, advertisement
9. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, theatre stars
10. Will Rogers, actor
11. The famous Munsingwear advertisement
12. Grace Moore, opera singer
13. Mrs. Wendell Willkie
14. Lady Astor, M.P.
15. Pablo Picasso, painter
16. Leon Errol, comedian
17. Leonora Hughes, dancer
18. Jack Dempsey, prize-fighter

DECEIVING THE PUBLIC

(Continued from page 79)

For golf (ask your doctor)—grey-and-white striped chambray shirt under a grey jumper, comfortable and concealing. Under $13. At Best; Marshall Field

Eye-catching, crisp white organdie collar; loose-cut jacket—on a black rayon crêpe dress. For now or later. Under $17. Franklin Simon; and Marshall Field



Country life, now and into autumn—in this blue shirtwaist dress of Irelin linen-like rayon. Draw-string waist conceals. Under $17. Altman; Marshall Field

Cool for now, good for furs later—black rayon jersey dress with disguising front fullness, a belt that makes it easily adjustable. $19.95. Altman; Marshall Field

On the beach—full-swinging, square-shoulder terry-cloth cape. Navy-blue and white piqué suit. Under $7 and $, respectively. At Altman; Marshall Field

AUSTRALIA IS NOT TAME

(Continued from page 79)

the land and make the grass grow. The flocks are sent roving in search of grass and travel unbelievable distances on the vast, empty plains, and when they come to a waterhole, the drovers and their clever dogs have a hard time keeping the sheep from stampeding into the water and drinking so much that they die.

The stations for miles 'round make periodic drives to round up and kill the herds of kangaroos which eat up the grass, so necessary for the stock.

When there is a drought there is usually a cool breeze, and "scuds" of rain occasionally shower the land—not enough to make grass grow, but enough to humidify the intense heat.

It is a wonderful and dramatic hour when the small black cloud at long last appears, quickly spreading over the sky, and the drought breaks. Those who can, if the drought is prolonged, have sent their women and children to the coast. The men have tried to hand-feed the sheep and cattle, cutting down the trees and the cactus. (The prickly pear was imported from Mexico for this purpose, but it so multiplied that the Government had to spend a million pounds to eradicate it.)

The Rains Fall

When the drought breaks after weary months, the men know they will somehow be salvaged from financial ruin (for those who have been able to feed their cattle through the drought can sell them at a premium to others less fortunate, who must restock). The men stand in the yards with their arms outstretched, letting themselves be soaked to the skin with the wonderful life-saving rain, making great whoops of laughter and joy. I have seen a man stand on the veranda of his homestead, his hands gripping the railings till the knuckle-bones showed white, slow tears of relief and gladness trickling down his cheeks.

And within two days the arid plains, bare as city pavements, are miraculously faintly green. The cockatoos and the perroquets fly again amongst the trees, the native companions dance in their circles at sunset, and all the teeming life of the Bush recovers. The shy lyre-birds so beautiful, but with such raucous voices, screech again at dawn, and the koala bears scramble amongst the treetops. And in the northern rivers the ceratodus, the fish with lungs which must come to the surface to breathe, wiggles out of the mud of the bottoms of the river-beds, and the platypus, half bird, half animal which lays eggs and suckles its young, is found again in his old haunts. In the rich promise of a fertile land, the drama is forgotten, and man and beast take heart again.

VOGUE COVERS THE TOWN

Forty-Eighth Street Forty-Niners

If you're bursting with pioneer spirit, you might try stopping in at the Covered Wagon Bar, 124 West Forty-Eighth Street. There's sawdust on the floor, and you can sit at the bar or in individual covered wagons. A hooper-dooper juke-box plays anything from waltzes to rhumbas, and there's a dance floor no bigger than a Defense Savings Stamp.

The Covered Wagon is an annex of the good old Forty-Eighth Street Music Hall. As you probably know, this is a favourite spot for "old-time movie" fans. The place is open from six P.M. to three A.M. (with no admission, no minimum charge), you sit at tables, see the silent films, and pay for what you order—even if it's only a fifteen-cent glass of beer.

Larue

You'll find more uniforms dancing around at Larue's, 45 East Fifty-Eighth Street, on a Saturday night than almost any other spot in town. (One secret for this may be that the photographer here doesn't bother the boys on leave from Fort Dix and Devens—and they love it.)

The music is excellent—Eddie Davis and his orchestra. They lean pleasantly on the waltzing, sentimental, song-side of the fence.

Noblesse oblige

A special program of pre-war favourite stories and plays is broadcast weekly to the children of England. Sponsored by the Friends of Children, Inc., the program originates from that organization's headquarters, at 730 Fifth Avenue, goes by telephone to Boston's super-powerful short-wave station WRUL, reaches the British children just before their bedtime. (In addition to these transatlantic broadcasts, recordings of the programs are sent by Clipper to Britain for later re-broadcast.)

Time on the air is expensive, and the Friends of Children, Inc., are in need of money to continue their inspiring work. Theirs is an admirably dogged determination to try to keep the children's world—that world of fantasy and imagination—alive even in bomb shelters...

...British women are driving buses and heavy lorries, are working in munition plants, are fighting fires, plowing fields, driving tractors, as well as nursing and doing canteen work. These are grueling day-and-night jobs (with little time for rest), and the short hours of relaxation often find these women fighters far from home and friends.

To provide them with some kind of haven, some amusement centres, the Y.W.C.A. is building and operating recreation huts in particularly isolated areas. Through its World Emergency Fund, the Y.W.C.A. is trying to raise more money so that these "huts" won't be so far apart, will be scattered at strategic spots all over England...

...You can help the children of England by buying a book of children's stories, called *The Grab Bag*. The British American Ambulance Corps receives all the money from sales—all publishers' profits, authors' royalties, and even the salesmen's commissions—turns it all into aid to British children.

The book is a potpourri of stories by eleven well-known authors. One of our favourites was written by Peggy Bacon, tells of the hair-raising adventures of a small, striped kitten, with yellow eyes, a most sensitive black nose, and the heart of a lion...

...And for those on this side of the Atlantic—for the tragically ill-fed (and clothed) in the bituminous coal fields of the East, in the Negro schools of the South, for refugees in both Americas, in Mexico and Santo Domingo—clothes are being collected by the American Friends Service Committee, at 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia. The greatest need is for shoes and practical clothes. A good thing to remember, these cleaning-out-closet days.

Number One

If one of these warm summer nights finds you yearning for a long on-top-of-the-bus ride, we know of the perfect stopping-off place. In the One Fifth Avenue Hotel is the Number One Bar, a smallish room, with lights (according to the best *bistro* tradition) dimmed to the last fraction of a watt.

There's entertainment all through the night, usually a couple of singers, and a marvellous piano team, Downey and Gregg. Bob Downey, the bass of the team is, incidentally, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Here is a place with no cover charge and no minimum charge. It's almost always jam-packed with people all having fun in an easy, genial, friendly fashion.

Starlight, star bright

Spivy's Roof, that super-Victorian penthouse *boîte*, at 139 East Fifty-Seventh Street, has a pleasant outdoor terrace this summer. It's covered with red-and-white water-proof awnings—curtained with green ivy, a fine place to spend a summer evening. (The place opens at cocktail time and doesn't close till about four A. M.)

The entertainment is practically continuous, consisting of the boisterous Spivy telling her incredible story songs, and Cyril Smith, monologuist. He does that wonderful "Albert" series, with the required thick Lancashire accent—our favourite is "Albert and yon lion."

"FLANEUR"

With 300 Gins to choose from:

The Advantage is with Gordon's

BECAUSE...

Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4

and BECAUSE...

Drinks Never Taste Thin With Gordon's Gin

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

Copr. 1941, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine . . . or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms . . . leave it for a few minutes . . . then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today

GET YOUR FACE READY

(Continued from page 52)

wore no make-up at all. I suppose THAT'S what you want."

I wouldn't. I like make-up if it is done with an eye to features and colouring, sanitation and plain good taste. You can't tell me that the guys in those elegant epidermal service stations like to turn out those porcelainized jobs. They know better. A well-made-up face is a joy to behold and a pleasure to taste. But I'm not quarreling about make-up. I don't have to go to those places where the girls turn up looking as though they had just had a bad accident. It is the petulant, dissatisfied, too tight, too small, hard and bitter expression of the mouths that I see that bothers me. My sweets, if you find that you have just naturally soured on the world beyond repair and need to apply your make-up with a plasterer's brush or a paint gun, do borrow a leaf from the circus clown and turn the corners of the mouth upwards so that at least from a distance it looks as though you were laughing.

This Is What I'd Like to See

But, to get down to rock-bottom, what I miss on your gorgeous, perfectly groomed, completely expressionless pans is what comes from within: freshness, sympathy, youth, humour, understanding, the awareness of living.

The British women who have pitched in alongside their men are as hard as nails—physically. But their faces reflect sympathy and tenderness, softness and glowing femininity that not even their thick and clumsy uniforms can mar.

Another thing I'm tired of hearing is that you don't dress or make up for men, but for other women. Then why don't you ever show a little kindness or graciousness when another woman has done a good job? Why do you stare at other girls with that cold, bitter, appraising look? Did you ever try smiling at that girl at the next table, or on the street, to show that you appreciate how she looks? Chances are she will smile back at you, and two hearts will be warmed where there was only coldness before. And that warmth coming through onto your faces will do more for them than anything you can squeeze out of a tube or find in a mud-pack. They will become alive and friendly, stimulating and desirable.

You're going to have to do something about those complicated coiffures, too. If your hair's long, have it put up, and put it up so that it will stay up. You can use a ton of pins, and we won't care as long as they don't come sliding out and drop into the bisque. It's been years since we've had the luxurious joy of taking a girl's hair down, pin by pin. Those simple pleasures will be coming back again.

And if it's short, let Charles or Antoine do it simply, or tie it, or fasten it before you go out and then leave it alone so that you don't have to comb it into the cocktail of your gentleman friend. There is nothing quite as depressing as to see one of you beloved lambs hauling out your boudoir kits at the dinner-table or in the theatre and commencing to hoe your scalps. You might just as well start slapping on cold-cream, brush your teeth, and get ready for bed.

It is high time that some of you public combers realized that the enchanting languorous movement of a woman running a rake through her tresses is one of the sweeter mysteries and enchantments of the bedroom. It ought to be kept there. Performing it out in public makes just one less reason why a guy would want to know you better.

Speaking as a gent who has been around for a considerable time and can see the storm-clouds gathering, I would swap you all the sophistication you can buy for one touch of daintiness, for a cheerful expression on your faces.

If you've really got something to be discontented about, hide it until you're alone with your chin-strap and bobby-pins, else why did God create you all the most magnificently realistic actresses in all Nature? You forget that you were sent to earth on your downy pinions to ameliorate and lighten the burden that rests so heavily on all of us pants-bearing animals.

Ultra-smartness, super-sophistication, and hard, sour pusses are getting to be a bit of a bore. You're overdoing it. Even the dummies in the shop-windows on the Avenue that show off your pretty dresses have become too, too, too. Now they're making them out of bits of old rugs, rope, rags, parts of old Fords, broken bottles, waste-paper, tin cans, vegetables, and stuff that you throw out of the house after general cleaning.

The faces they paint on them, when they are not gotten up to resemble corpses or vampires, are so tired and bored and ultra, and unhappy. Do your faces get that way from looking in the shop-windows, or do the shopkeepers make them like that because that's how you look to them when you peer in from the outside?

Just once, I'd like to walk down Fifth Avenue again and see one of those dear, old, apple-cheeked wax dolls of circa 1920 that were modelled in the image of woman, with rosy cheeks and fine, sparkling glass eyes, their arms outstretched in a simple attitude, fingers spread apart with a small sign hanging from one of them telling plainly how much the dress was and what it had been marked down from, and on their faces a smile of eager good fellowship, anticipation, and sympathetic understanding.

Now, Just Relax

Cheer up, girls. Loosen up a little. Don't try so hard. Give us a chance to see how lovely and wonderful you really are.

Mind you, I am not alone in this. When the boys gather in the back room, or in the canteen, or the lounge of the "Y" and speak ominously of world revolution and certain changes that must come about, I know what they mean, and now, thanks to me, so do you.

White paper is precious, and my time is up. I haven't had the opportunity to go into the little matter of your manners, as yet. That will have to be saved for another day, so be patient. I am doing this only for love of you all. And if to-morrow you step across your threshold, your expression human and friendly, and find your gay, cheerful smile reflected from the faces of the women about you so that our whole bright, wonderful city becomes ashine with joy and beauty, send forth from your soft lips a gentle little murmur of thanks to your old Uncle Gallico who knows best.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT FURS

Are you planning to buy a fur coat? If so, August 1 Vogue tells you everything you need to know about furs. It shows you important new silhouettes, new details, new methods of treating pelts. You'll see every type of smart fur, discover which is best for you . . . learn how to get the most for every dollar you spend.

August 1 VOGUE • Furs and Autumn Millinery • On Sale July 24

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vogue

Advance Merchandise Portfolio · July 15

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Promote with Vogue Fashion Points

Put These Quotations on Your Own Cards

MILLINERY

Vogue says:
"New hats for autumn are in bright colours."

Vogue says:
"Autumn hats will be softly draped, falling in graceful folds below the nape of the neck."

Vogue says:
"Let your autumn hat be the turning-leaf colours of autumn itself."

Vogue says:
"Try a backward-sitting turban with arabesque ends."

Vogue says:
"New hats are backward-sitting."

Vogue says:
"Wear a hat with a sloping crown."

Vogue says:
"As perfect for now as later—black satin sailor hat."

Vogue says:
"Let your hat be an authentic tartan plaid."

Vogue says:
"Have a bowler inspired by Winston Churchill's."

Vogue says:
"For drama—a rough black straw picture hat with a square crown and a brim that swoops down in back."

Vogue says:
"Try a woven ribbon-and-straw pillbox."

Vogue says:
"The beret has returned."

Vogue says:
"Wear a bright blue straw sailor with a blue-and-white print."

READY-TO-WEAR

Vogue says:
"Let jersey bridge the time from early-summer cottons to autumn velvets and taffetas."

Vogue says:
"Made for a slender young waist—high-cut waist-line with wrap-around sash."

Vogue says:
"Have a dirndl in pale jersey."

Vogue says:
"Hips—prophetic of one important new silhouette."

Vogue says:
"Black answers that midsummer urge for something new and different."

Vogue says:
"There's a revival of satin underway."

Vogue says:
"Encore—the slim-waist, fuller-hip look."

Vogue says:
"British tweeds, like the British spirit, weather all times."

Vogue says:
"There's an incisive, clean-cut look to sharp peplums."

Vogue says:
"Shoulders are strong but rounded."

Vogue says:
"You will continue to see the tapering silhouette in furs, suits, dresses."

Vogue says:
"To make waists tiny, hips are accentuated with shirrings, drapery, peplums, bands."

Vogue says:
"Snug basques curve into tiny waists."

Vogue says:
"Look for high-banded collars."

Vogue says:
"New—paper-thin black silk satin, dull of finish."

Vogue says:
"Capes—continued story for autumn."

Vogue says:
"Let your dinner dress have a draped neck-line, sloping shoulders."

Vogue says:
"Wear a hug-me-tight cape almost anywhere."

Four Free Cards

Write to Vogue Merchandising Service, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for these free cards.

Vogue says:
"New silhouette: fitted bodice, full skirt."

Vogue says:
"Peplums are everywhere—now and for autumn."

Vogue says:
"Purple points to autumn."

Vogue says:
"Jersey keeps cool and unruffled in hot weather."

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JULY 15, 1941

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Promote from this issue

THE WEARING OF THE PURPLE

THE purple on the horizon for autumn is not an autumn mist, but a very concrete part of the fashion colour scene. More and more, purple appeared in the significant market openings — purples ranging from warm plums in wools to bright blue-purple crêpes. Vogue shows on page 53 a lavender-mauve, dramatized with black, a combination you will see again and again.

Combine your purple with fall-leaf colours—with gold, with mustard, with yellow-green. Fill in the throat of a plum suit with a yellow scarf; accent a town dress with gold jewellery. Blue-purple tones blend with brown, contrast suavely with black. Watch Vogue for further purple fashion notes, and augment your promotion with "Vogue Says" quotation: "Purple—colouring the way to autumn."

Vogue says: "There's purple on the horizon for autumn."

CAPPING THE CAPE STORY

WE heard much talk about capes last spring, and saw them in every edition from the shoulder capelet to the "great cape," full-length. We liked them, believed in them, and showed them. This fall they are a "continued story" (see pages 18, 19) increasing in interest and dramatic action. New fabrics, new lines distinguish them, and they find themselves newly at home almost everywhere. For instance, note the steamer rug "hug-me-tight" cape on page 18—an echo of this autumn's snug jacket line, and a mate for a full skirt —wearable for day and evening, town and country. Capelets, too, appear on coats in triplicate.

Watch Vogue for cape features, and tie them into your fall promotion of coats, furs and suits. Capes are dramatic. Let your campaign be dramatic too.

Vogue says: "Capes—continued story for autumn."

FORM AND FABRIC FOR FALL

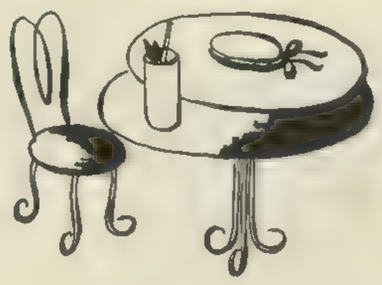
"ENCORE — the slim-waist, fuller-hip look," says Vogue, and suggests, on pages 74, 75, ways to accent it. Full dirndl skirts on snug waist-bands, surplice bodices, tapering peg-top skirts, peplums below a fitted waist—use these to back up your talking about the "small waist" look. Sketch a little model with a tape-measure curled around a tiny waist, and carry this theme through in your advertising and display. Add a "Vogue Says" quotation, "Full skirt—magic to make your waist fade away almost to nothing."

These dresses are promotable now in "carry-over" fabrics, for wear into October. Dark crêpes, jerseys and a new, sheer silk satin bridge the autumn months with miraculous rightness. Vogue says: "Black rayon crêpe—dark perfection for first September days in town."

Vogue says: "Peg-top skirt—gives you a sliver of a waist."

MIDSUMMER BRACERS

DESPITE the fact that your counters may be full of sale merchandise, and your thoughts may have turned to autumn stock, it is a good stunt to tempt lagging summer wardrobes with a display of "midsummer bracers"—fresh white hats, shoes, bags, prettily and cleanly displayed. Feature the theme that a new set of accessories can renew a summer costume for the rest of the season. But these accessories must be promoted as "spirit-raisers", not as left-overs. Show them in matching sets, or in sets for town, for the country. For the wardrobe that is really weary, have on hand such fresheners as the dresses on page 26—striped and checked cottons, and crêpes. Don't let your customer shop in vain for vacation clothes in August. Continue your turn-over in good summer merchandise.

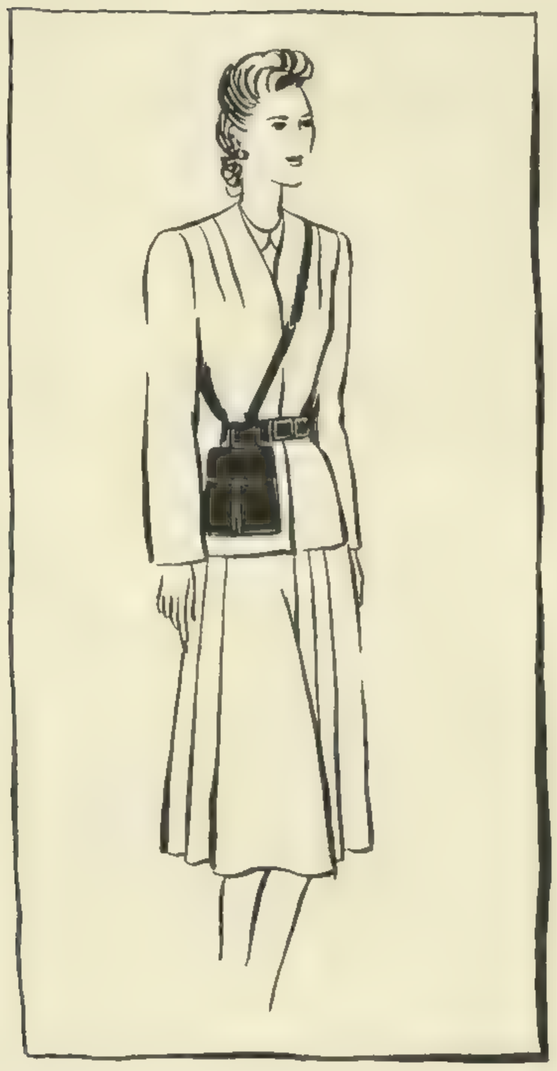


Vogue says: "White straw hat—bracer for your midsummer wardrobe."

Britain will deliver these

Representative Clothes from Women's Fashion Export Group of Great Britain for Autumn Delivery

THE successful effort of British manufacturers to aid British foreign trade is perfectly exemplified in the exhibition of sample coats, suits and dresses shown at the Hotel Astor for the past month. Mr. Percy Trilnick heads a delegation that has shown almost two thousand models from eighty British manufacturers. If you have not seen this important collection, write Mr. Trilnick at the Astor for an appointment. It's profitable to sell British fashion merchandise. And this collection has a variety of styles and prices for many stores.



Two-piece wool dress in bright red, dramatized by a wide black leather belt, and black bag. From Matita.

Monotone plaid for a beautifully tailored, light-weight wool suit in a classic style. From Hebe Sports.

Herring-bone weave in natural wool and angora is used for a dress and jacket. W. & O. Marcus.

The blue-grey plaid of dress and coat is accented by a line of strong blue. It's from Rose & Blairman.

Tweed-mixture coat with a fitted waist, flaring skirt. In green, with narrow, diagonal weave. Mercia.

Knit suit striped alternately with bright blue and black. Shield-like pockets. Robinson and Charoux.

One of the casual, swagger coats for which Great Britain is famous. Large plaid. From Seton Cotterill.

Louis Levy's three-piece suit of rust and brown checks is classic in cut, casual, traditionally British.

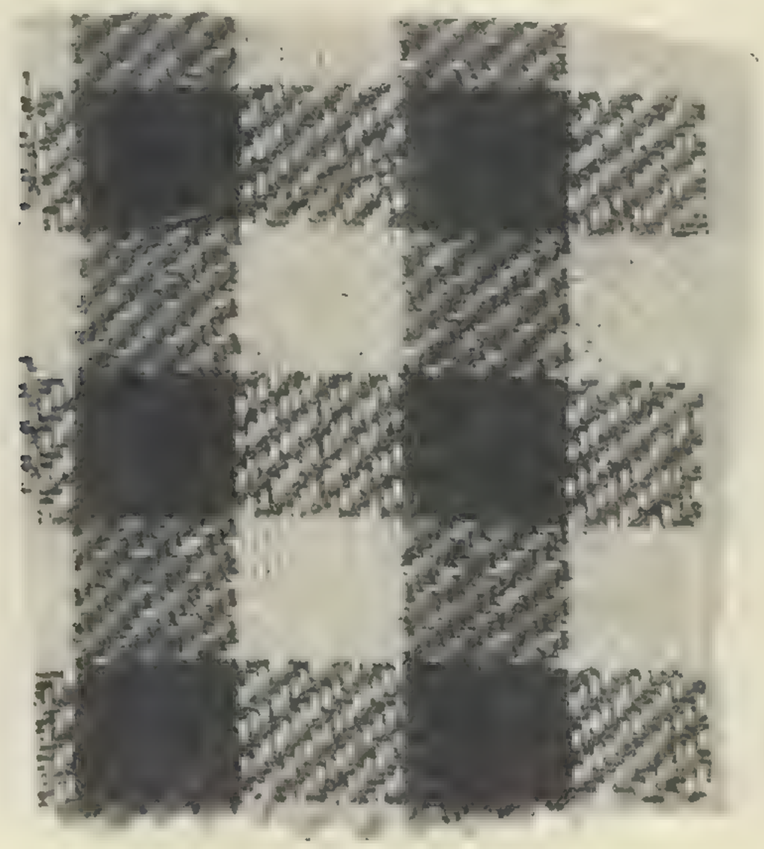
The important types

Because of Curtailed Production, Variety and New Weaves Give Place to A Few Important, Tested Favourites

THIS season most fabrics manufacturers have concentrated on simmering their lines down to the basic types which are always usable, which are always sure-fire successes. Fabric choice has contracted. The strain of defense production is shown in autumn fabrics, which have few new developments, much less variety. Instead of showing you a general swatched fabric story, we are presenting to you on these two pages the ten types which are outstanding, and illustrating them with swatches which are typical of the weave.

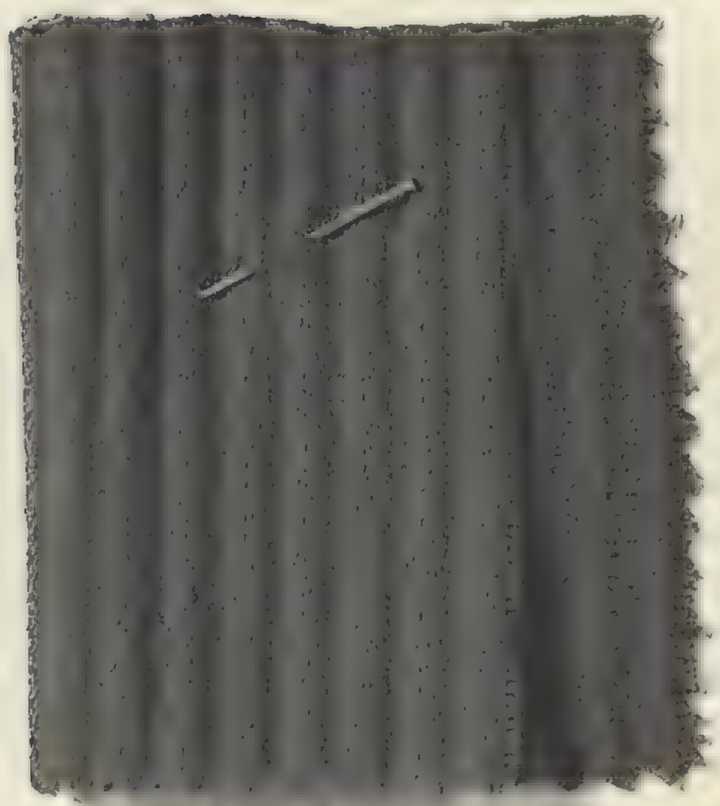
Into this season of classicism and revivals, is introduced the enormously successful rayon-and-wool mixtures. These have been cannily improved since their fairly recent experimental, tentative appearance in the market. In a season of rising prices, mixtures naturally are extremely important to volume fashions.

Black is naturally much more heavily represented in silks and rayons than in woollens. There is great emphasis on the reds as well, and also on true purple. The medium browns and the beiges are extremely important, and another member of the brown family—amber or rust—is having a revival. Greens are popular, and there is news in the pale olive-drab shade. There is a little interest in dark grey for crêpes and velvets. Navy blue is an exclusive choice, with the grey-blues winning popularity.



Rayon and Wool Mixtures

Rayon and wool mixtures are extremely important to this autumn's sporting fabric picture. The range is vast and covers tweed types, gabardines, twills, flannels. The styling of these is very good, and their texture is excellent. With wool getting scarcer, and the price higher, these mixtures will certainly have a huge success in the lower and medium price ranges.



Corded Crêpes

Corded crêpes are among the autumn's fabric musts. We illustrate this point with a wide, spongy cord that looks very much like a hollow-cut velveteen. This is probably the boldest member of the family. Definitely related to this crêpe are many others with a little or a lot less emphasis, but which still are definitely ridged. This is always a good crêpe for tailored dresses.

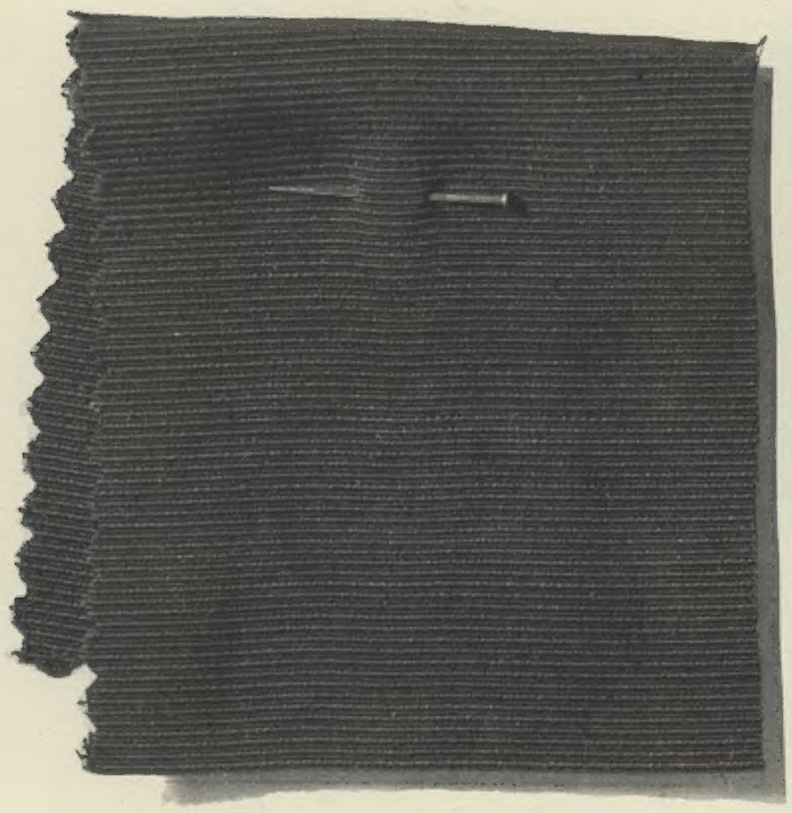
Mat-Surfaced Crêpes

If you know how a gardenia petal feels between your fingers—you know how the mat-surfaced crêpes feel. Long a high-fashion favourite, these crêpes are general in appeal now that their development has brought them down into the medium-priced brackets. The subtle, chalky surfaces of these fabrics make them particularly apt choices for formal afternoon and evening clothes.

Velvets

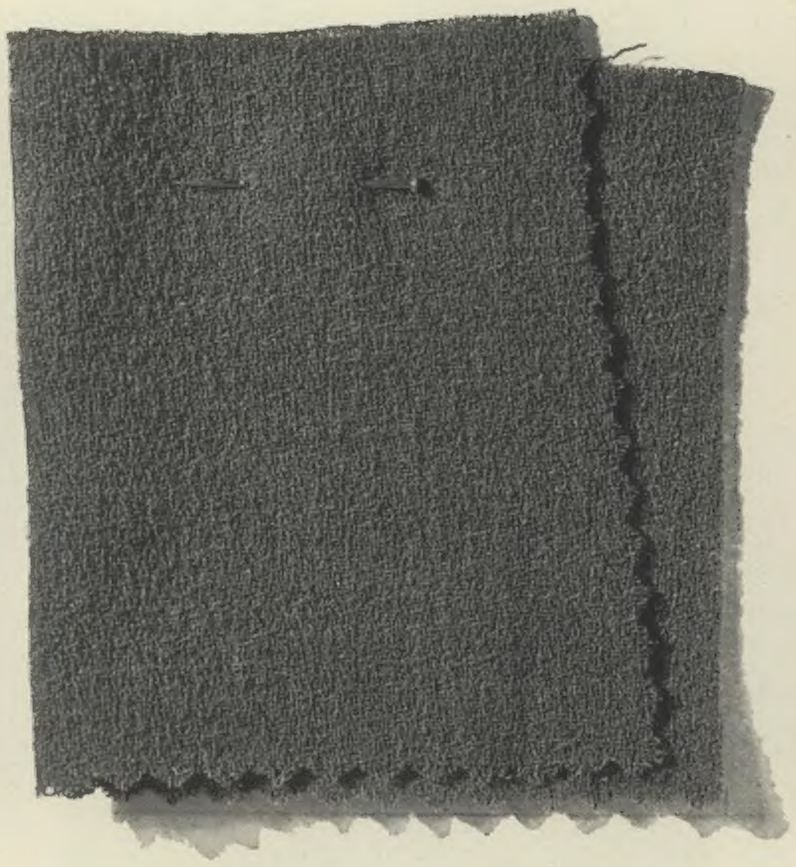
Velvets are having a sudden revival—and so are velveteens. We believe the great fashion emphasis will be placed on the stiffer, rather formal, Lyons-type velvets, which will be used for very smart suits, or for suit-replacing dresses. Velvet will continue as an evening and evening-wrap favourite, of course. Transparent velvets continue for more popularly priced dresses.

in autumn's silk and rayon fabrics



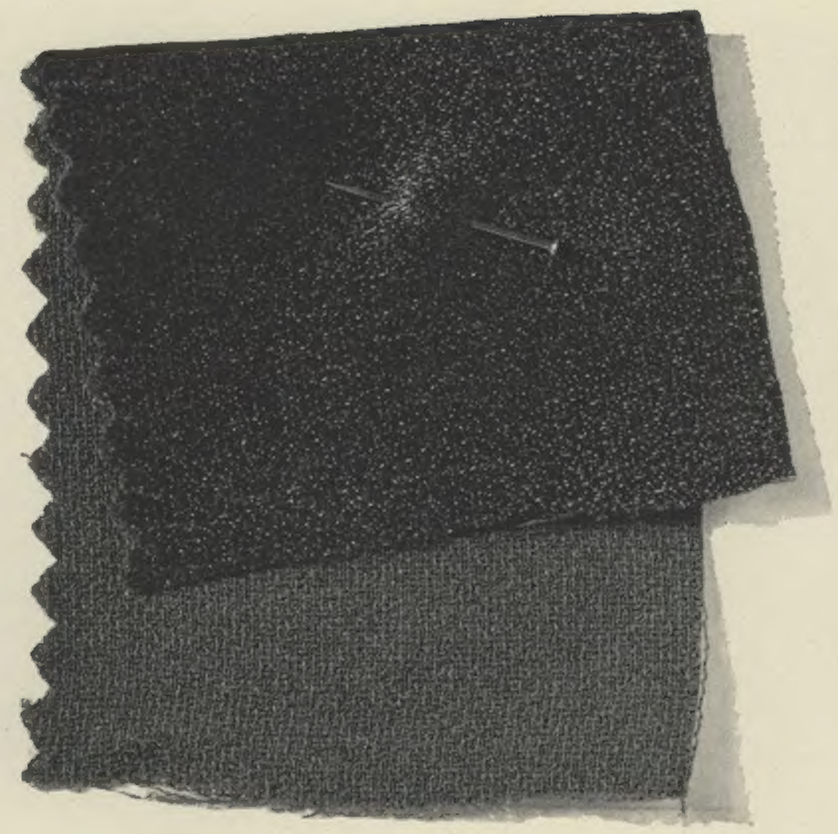
Bengalines and Failles

Bengalines will be very much in demand this autumn. They fit very beautifully into the fashion for the formal daytime suit or dress to be worn as a first-fall costume, which slides so easily under winter coats later. Bengaline is also in demand for dinner suits. Moirés, not-too-distant cousins of bengaline, are having a flurry for exactly the same type of costume.



Rayon-and-Wool Crêpes

The sheer, crisp crêpe which has been so popular in both rayons and wools, is now a favourite in a combination of both these yarns. This weave has great interest in texture, and its grainy surface is unexpected in a weave which invariably drapes beautifully. This type of fabric is usually used for tailored and formal clothes—and is definitely not for sports.

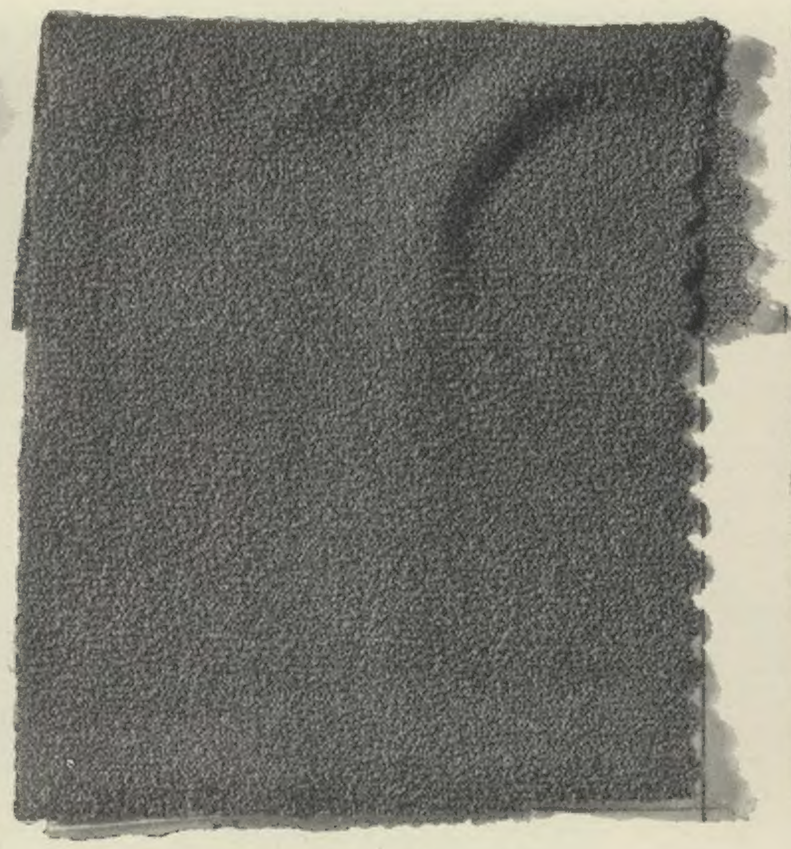


Satins and Satin-Crêpes

Satins are having a smart revival for the first autumn dresses with that first autumn formality. But satin-back crêpes, more subtle in appearance, have the greatest range of use. These are smart in many versions, from the light, fine crêpes, through the heavier types with their almost-woolly crêpe surface, and their heavy drapeable texture. Satins will be worn for day and evening.

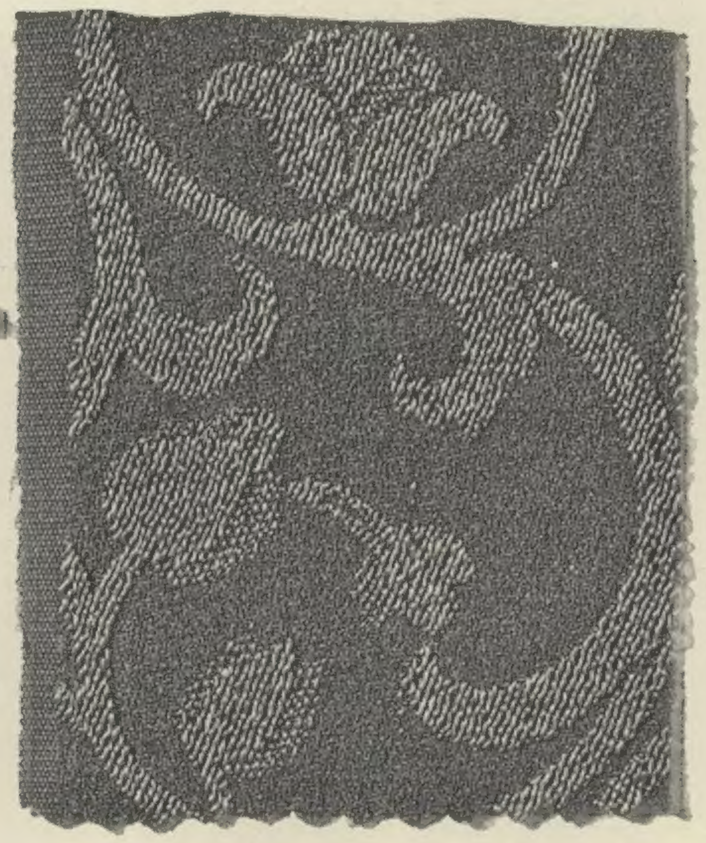
Heavy Silk or Rayon Crêpes

The pebbly crêpes and crêpes of this type; heavy, rough-textured, with a woolly feel to them, are perfectly suited to a first autumn dress, which will carry through all winter. These crêpes (with cantons and heavy canton failles) have a definitely wintry look. And they have enough texture to give a dress body and drape—and a certain formality that the season demands



Silk and Rayon Jersies

One of the reasons for jersey's current great success is its endless versatility. Jerseys are being made in the finest of silk-stocking sheers, or in the heaviest wool-like versions of thick spun-rayons. In between are many versions slick or mat-surfaced, crêpe or pile-surfaced. (We show you above a new mossy jersey.) Their use is, of course, as huge as their variety in price and styling.



Jacquards and Matelassés

We have been in such a period of calm as far as crêpe textures have been concerned, that there is interest in the renaissance of Jacquards and matelassés. Jacquards of the type we show above are being used rather smartly. And it seems logical that the matelassés will be used in the more popular-priced clothes, since their last appearance was so recent and in that range.

The Market Basket

Braagaard is now selling his hats in three ways: wholesale, retail and as models for wholesale houses. Mr. Braagaard, a young Dane, first became known to American buyers through his Paris establishment, six years ago. He came to New York two years ago and made a collection for Jay-Thorpe. Now established at his own workshop at 17 West 57th Street, with a select private clientele, he is expanding his wholesale accounts. Illustrated above is one of his new models, offered wholesale, for autumn.

American Spectator, Inc., among its well rounded group of sportswear, is presenting the Langholm Wardrobe, an exclusive promotion of correlated sportswear, offered to one store in a city. The wardrobe matches tweeds to sweaters and other woollens, with bright accents and accessories. There is also the American Spectator group of tailored clothes for early autumn, available to all stores. These are colourful, casual suits, jackets, skirts and one- and two-piece dresses for the first cool days.

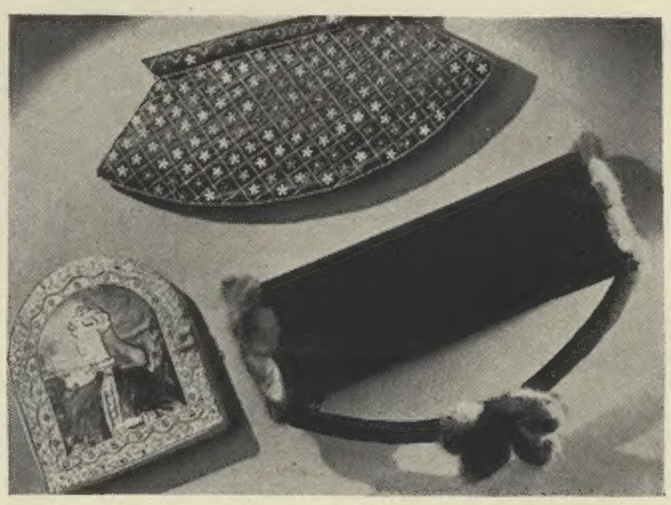
Sable-treated Mink, a new, luxurious fur, is the innovation of Schwartz and Bluestein, who use it for extremely effective capes and three-quarters length coats. Mink is cut in the same width as the sable stripe and tipped or feathered to give it a smoky tone. This is particularly successful with wild mink skins where the texture is similar to sable.

The Annual College Issue of Vogue will be August 15th; and Vogue advertisers will fill their pages with the latest smart young fashions. These advertisers are important names for your business—names that can make money for your store. Tie them in with your display and advertising. Let them give your college business an extra success story. Use this College Issue of Vogue in every possible way to boost your sales. Follow both its editorial and advertising suggestions

Pouch bag kit of complexion essentials neatly stacked together. Ideal for the school or college girl. Dorothy Gray.

Bubble bath by Maison Jeurelle-Seventeen, in three fragrances: Apple Blossom, Gardenia, Pine. In family-size box.

Lektrolite's flameless lighters now are attached to jewellery: pins, lapel ornaments and key rings; in many designs.

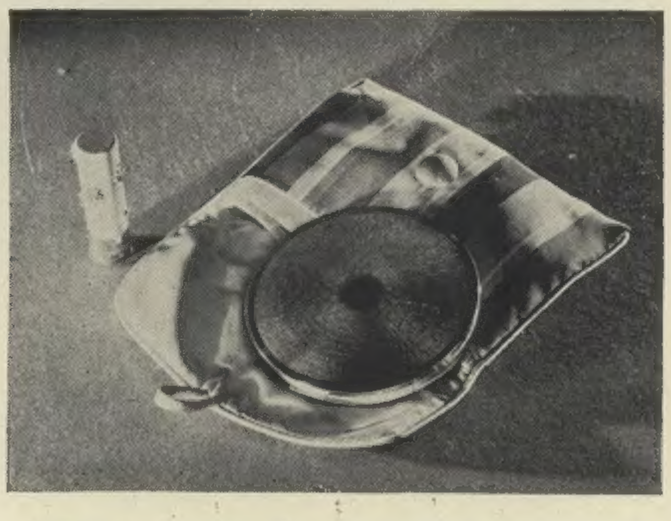


Custom-made bags, by Eric E. Kolb, former designer for Lelong and Balenciaga in Paris. 1215 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Beauty bandbox, neat, compact and attractive; designed for travelling. Holds nine necessary beauty aids. At Yardley.

Cooling, refreshing beauty treatments for the feet by Bellin's. Each container is a separate treatment; ten in a box.

Hairline fastener, an appropriately named slide fastener; narrow, dainty, and sturdy. Ideal Fastener Co., Brooklyn.



Gayly striped case of Celanese rayon holds Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Pink Clover compact, lipstick. Extra pockets.

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